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P O E M S

IN

THE DORSET DIALECT.

BY

WILLIAM BARNES.

CANCELLED
1940

BOSTON:

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PREFACE.

KIND READER,

I have taken for this volume of Dorset Poems, a mode of spelling which I believe is more intelligible than that of the former one, inasmuch as it gives the lettered Dialect more of the book-form of the national speech, and yet is so marked as to preserve, as correctly as the other, the Dorset pronunciation.

Th in *thatch*, *thick*, *thief*, *thimble*, *thin*, *thing*, *think*, *thong*, *thorn*, *thumb*, represent the soft clipping of *th* in *thee*.

Your humble Servant,

WILLIAM BARNES.

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POEMS.

BLACKMWORE MAIDENS.

THE primrrose in the sheade do blow,
The cowslip in the zun,
The thyme upon the down do grow,
The clote where streams do run ;
An' where do pretty maidens grow
An' blow, but where the tow'r
Do rise among the bricken tuns,
In Blackmwore by the Stour.

If you could zee their comely gait,
An' pretty feaces' smiles,
A-trippen on so light o' waight,
An' steppen off the stiles ;
A-gwain to church, as bells do swing
An' ring within the tow'r,
You'd own the pretty maidens' pleace
Is Blackmwore by the Stour.

If you vrom Wimborne took your road,
 To Stower or Paladore,
 An' all the farmers' housen show'd
 Their daeters at the door ;
 You'd cry to bachelors at hwome—
 " Here, come: 'ithin an hour
 You'll vind ten maidens to your mind,
 In Blackmwore by the Stour."

An' if you look'd 'ithin their door,
 To zee em in their pleace,
 A-doen housework up avore
 Their smilen mother's feace ;
 You'd cry—" Why, if a man would wive
 An' thrive, 'ithout a dow'r,
 Then let en look en out a wife
 In Blackmwore by the Stour.

As I upon my road did pass
 A school-house back in May,
 There out upon the beaten grass
 Wer maidens at their play ;
 An' as the pretty souls did twile
 An' smile, I cried, " The flow'r
 O' beauty, then, is still in bud
 In Blackmwore by the Stour."

MY ORCHET IN LINDEN LEA.

'Ithin the woodlands, flow'ry gleaded,
 By the woak tree's mossy moot,
 The sheenen grass-bleades, timber-sheaded,
 Now do quiver under voot ;
 An' birds do whissle auver head,
 An' water's bubblen in its bed,
 An' there vor me the apple tree
 Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves that leately wer a-springen
 Now do feade 'ithin the copse,
 An' painted birds do hush ther zingen
 Up upon the timber's tops ;
 An' brown-leav'd fruit's a-turnen red,
 In cloudless zunsheen, auver head,
 Wi' fruit vor me, the apple tree
 Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other vo'k meake money vaster
 In the air o' dark-room'd towns,
 I don't dread a peevish measter ;
 Though noo man do heed my frowns,

I be free to goo abroad,
 Or teake agean my hwomeward road
 To where, vor me, the apple tree
 Do lean down low in Linden Lea.



BISHOP'S CAENDLE.

At peace dae, who but we should goo
 To Caendle vor an hour or two :
 As gay a dae as ever broke
 Above the heads o' Caendle vo'k,
 Vor peace, a-come vor all, did come
 To them wi' two new friends at hwome.
 Zoo while we kept, wi' nimble peace,
 The wold dun tow'r avore our feace,
 The air at laste begun to come
 Wi' drubbens ov a beaten drum ;
 An' then we heard the horns' loud droats
 Play off a tuen's upper notes ;
 An' a'ter that a risen chearm
 Vrom tongues o' people in a zwarm :
 An' zoo, at laste, we stood among
 The merry feaces o' the dromg.

An' there we vound, wi' garlands tied
 In wreaths an' bows on every zide,
 An' color'd flags, a-flutt'ren high
 An' bright avore the sheenen sky,
 The very d'rection-post a-drest
 Wi' posies on his earms an' breast.
 At laste, the vo'k zwarm'd in by scores
 An' hundreds droo the gert barn doors,
 To dine on English feare in ranks
 A-zot on chairs, or stools, or planks,
 By teables reachen row an' row,
 Wi' cloths as white as driven snow.
 An' while they took, wi' merry cheer,
 Ther pleaces at the meat an' beer,
 The band did blow an' beat aloud
 Ther merry tuens to the crowd ;
 An' slowly-zwingen flags did spread
 Ther hangen colors auver bead.
 An' then the vo'k wi' jay an' pride,
 Stood up in stillness, zide by zide,
 Wi' downcast heads, the while ther friend
 Rose up avore the teable's end,
 An' zaed a timely greace, an' blest
 The welcome meat to every guest.
 An' then a-rose a mingled naise
 O' knives an' pleates, an' cups an' trays,

An' tongues wi merry tongues a-drowned
 Below a deaf'nen storm o' sound.
 An' zoo, at laste, their worthy host
 Stood up to gie 'em all a twoast,
 That they did drink, wi' shouts o' glee,
 An' whirlen earms to dree times dree.
 An' when the bboards at laste wer beare
 Ov' all the cloths an' goodly feare,
 An' froth noo longer rose to zwim
 'Ithin the beermug's sheenen rim,
 The vo'k, a-streamen droo the door,
 Went out to geames they had in store.
 An' on the blue-reav'd waggon's bed,
 Above his vower wheels o' red,
 Musicians zot in rows, and play'd
 Ther tuens up to chap an' maid,
 That beat, wi' playsome tooes an' heels,
 The level ground in nimble reels.
 An' zome agean, a-zet in line,
 An' starten at a given sign,
 Wi' outreach'd breast, a-breathe quick
 Droo op'nen lips, did nearly kick
 Ther polls, a-runnen sich a peace,
 Wi' streamen heair, to win the reace.
 An' in the house, an' on the green,
 An' in the shrubb'ry's leafy screen,

On ev'ry zide we zeed sich lots
 O' smilen friends in happy knots,
 That I do think, that droo the feast
 In Caendle, vor a dae at least,
 You woudden vind a scowlen feace
 Or dumpy heart in all the pleace.



' HAY MEAKEN—NUNCHEN TIME.

Anne an' John a-ta'ken o't.

- A. Back here, but now, the jobber John
 Come by, an' cried, "Well done," zing on,
 I thought as I come down the hill,
 An' heard your zongs a-ringen sh'ill,
 Who woudden like to come, an' fling
 A peair o' prongs where you did zing."
- J. Aye, aye, he woudden vind it play,
 To work all dae a-meaken hay,
 Or pitchin it, to earms a-spread
 By lwoaders, yards above his head,
 'Tud meake en wipe his drippen brow.
- A. Or only reaken a'ter plow.

- J. Or worken wi' his nimble pick,
A-stiffled wi' the hay at rick.
- A. Our company would suit en best,
When we do teake our bit o' rest,
At nunch, a-gather'd here below
The sheade thease wide-bough'd woak do drow,
Where hissen froth mid rise, an' float
In horns o' eale, to wet oone's droat.
- J. Aye, if his swollen han' could drag
A meat-slice vrom his dinner-bag.
'Tud meake the busy little chap
Look rather glum, to zee his lap
Wi' all his meal ov oone dry crowst,
An' vinny cheese so dry as dowst.
- A. Well, I don't grumble at my food,
'Tis wholesome, John, an' zoo 'tis good.
- J. Whose reake is that a-lyen there?
Do look a bit the woose vor wear.
- A. Oh! I mus' get the man to meake
A tooth or two vor thik wold reake,
'Tis leabor lost to strik a stroke
Wi' he, wi' haef his teeth a-broke.
- J. I should ha' thought your han' too fine
To break your reake, if I broke mine.

- A. The ramsclaes thin'd his wooden gum
 O' two teeth here, an' here were zome
 That broke off when I reak'd a patch
 O' groun' wi' Jimmy vor a match :
 An' here's a gap where oone or two
 Wer broke by Simon's clumsy shoe,
 An' when I gi'd his pole a poke,
 Vor better luck, another broke.
 In what a veag have you a-swung
 Your pick, though, John? His stem's a-sprung.
- J. When I an' Simon had a het
 O' pooken yonder vor a bet,
 The prongs o'n gi'd a tump a poke,
 An' then I vound the stem o'n broke,
 But they do meake the stems o' picks
 O' stuff so brittle as a kicks.
- A. There's poor wold Jeane, wi' wrinkled skin,
 A tellen, wi' her peaked chin,
 Zome teale ov her young daes, poor soul.
 Do meake the young-oones smile. 'Tis droll.
 What is it? Stop, an' let's goo near.
 I do like thease wold teales. Let's hear.

A FAETHER OUT, AN' MOTHER HWOME.

The snow-white clouds did float on high
 In shoals avore the sheenen sky,
 An' runnen weaves in pon' did chease
 Each other on the water's feace,
 As hufflen win' did blow between
 The new-leav'd boughs o' sheenen green.
 An' there, the while I walk'd along
 The paeth, droo leaze, above the drong,
 A little maid, wi' bloomen feace,
 Went on up hill wi' nimble peace,
 A-leanen to the right-han' zide,
 To car a basket that did ride,
 A-hangen down, wi' all his heft,
 Upon her elbow at her left.
 An' eet she hardly seem'd to bruise
 The grass-bleades wi' her tiny shoes,
 That pass'd each other, left an' right,
 In steps a'most too quick vor zight.
 But she'd aleft her mother's door
 A-bearen vrom her little store
 Her faether's welcome bit o' food,
 Vor he wer out at work in wood ;

An' she wer' bless'd wi' mwore than zome—
A faether out, an' mother hwome.

An' there, a-vell'd 'ithin the copse,
Below the timber's new-leav'd tops,
Wer ashen poles, a-casten straight,
On primrrose beds, their langthy waight ;
Below the yollor light, a-shed
Droo boughs upon the vi'let's head,
By climen ivy, that did reach,
A-sheenen roun' the dead-leav'd beech.
An' there her faether zot, an' meade
His whomely meal beside a gleade ;
While she, a-croopen down to ground,
Did pull the flowers, where she vound
The droopen vi'let out in blooth,
Or yollor primrrose in the lewth,
That she mid car 'em proudly back,
An' zet 'em on her mother's tack ;
Vor she wer bless'd with mwore than zome—
A faether out, an' mother hwome.
A faether out, an' mother hwome,
Be blessens early lost by zome ;
Alost by me, an' zoo I pray'd
They mid be spear'd the little maid.

RIDDLES.

Anne (1) an' Joey (2) a-ta'ken.

- (1) A plague! thease cow wont stand a bit,
 Noo sooner do she zee me zit
 Agean her, than she's in a trot,
 A-runnen to another spot.
- (2) Why 'tis the dog do sceare the cow,
 He worried her a-vield benow.
- (1) Goo in, Ah! *Liplap*, where's your tail!
- (2) He's gone, then, up athirt the rail.
 Well, thik there cow's a come to han'
 A goodish milcher. (1) If she'd stan',
 But then she'll steare an' sheake wi' fright
 To zee a dumbledore in flight.
 She kick'd her pail laest week, an' spill'd
 A-haef the milk, a-haef a-vill'd.
- (2) Ha! Ha! But Anny, here, what lout
 Ha' broke your small pail's bottom out?
- (1) What lout indeed! What do ye own
 The neame? Who dropp'd en on a stwone?
- (2) Hee! Hee! Well now he's out o' trim
 Wi' n'ar a bottom to en;

Could you still vill en' to the brim
An' let noo milk run droo en !

- (1) Aye, as vor nonsense, Joe, your head
Do hold it all so tight's a blather,
But if 'tis any good, do shed
It all so leaky as a lather.
Could you vill pails 'ithout a bottom,
Yourself that be so deeply skill'd ?

- (2) Well, ees, I could, if I'd a-got em
Inside o' bigger oones a-vill'd.

- (1) La ! that is zome'hat vor to hatch !
Here answer me thease little catch.
There's *horn* vor Goodman's eye-zight seake ;
There's *horn* vor Goodman's mouth to teake ;
There's *horn* vor Goodman's ears, as well
As *horn* vor Goodman's nose to smell—
What *horns* be they, then ? Do your hat
Hold wit enough to tell us that ?

- (2) Oh ! Horns an' horns ! no I woont try,
The cows ha' horns enough vor I.

- (1) *Horn* vor the *mouth's* a hornen cup.

- (2) An' eale's good stuff to vill en up.

- (1) An' *horn* vor *eyes* is horn vor light,
Vrom Goodman's lantern a'ter night ;

Horn vor the *ears* is oone to sound
 Vor hunters out wi' hoss an' hound ;
 But *horn* to *smell*, an' not to drink o't,
 Is *hartshorn* ! There now, what d'ye think o't ?

- (2) How proud you be ! if I could paint ye !
Hartshorn is *horn* ! oh ! I shall fainty !
 Well here then, Anne, while we be at it,
 'S a ball vor you if you can bat it.
 Oone evenen two-lags zot wi' pride
 On dree-lags, up at vow'r-lags' zide ;
 Then zix-lags gi'd vow'r-lags a prick,
 An' vow'r-lags gi'd two-lags a kick,
 An' two an' dree-lags vell, all vive,
 Slap down, zome dead an' zome alive.
- (1) Teeh ! heeh ! what have ye now then, Joe,
 At laest, to meake a riddle o' ?
- (2) Your dree-lagg'd stool oone night did bear
 Up you a-milken wi' a pair ;
 An' there a zix-lagged stout did prick
 Your vow'r-lagged cow, an' meake her kick,
 A-hetten, wi' a pretty pat,
 Your stool an' you so flat's a mat.
 You scrambled up a little dirty,
 But I do hope it didden hurt ye.

- (1) You hope, indeed ! a likely cease,
 Wi' thik broad grin athirt your feace.
 You sa'cy good-vor-nothen chap,
 I'll gi'e your grinnen feace a slap,
 Your drawlen tongue can only run
 To turn a body into fun.
- (2) Oh ! I woont do it agean. Oh ! dear !
 Till next time, Anny. Oh ! my ear !
 Oh ! Anne, why you've a-het my hat
 'Ithin the milk, now look at that.
- (1) Do sar ye right, then, I don't ceare,
 I'll thump your noddle,—there—there—there.



DAY'S WORK A-DONE.

And oh ! the jay our rest did yield,
 At evenen by the mossy wall,
 When we'd a-work'd all day a-vield,
 While zummer zuns did rise an' vall
 As there a-letten
 Goo all fretten,
 An' vorgetten all our twiles, .
 We zot among our childern's smiles.

An' under skies that glitter'd white,
 The while our smoke, arisen blue,
 Did melt in aier, out o' zight,
 Above the trees that kept us lew ;
 Wer birds a-zingen,
 Tongues a-ringen,
 Childern springen, vull o' jay,
 A-finishen the day in play.

An' back behine, a-stannen tall,
 The cliff did feace the western light ;
 Avore us wer the water-fall,
 A-rottlen loud, an' foamen white.
 An' leaves did quiver,
 Gnots did whiver,
 By the river, where the pool,
 In evenen air did glissen cool.

An' there the childern, runnen wide,
 Did play their geames along the grove,
 Vor though 'twere ouer jay to bide
 A-zot at rest, 'twere theirs to move.
 The while my smilen
 Jeane, beguilen,
 All my twilen, wi' her ceare,
 Did call me to my evenen feare.

THE WAGGON A-STOODED.

Dree o'm a-ta'ken o't.

- (1) Well, here we be, then, wi' the vu'st poor lwoad
O' vuzz we brought, a-stooded in the road.
- (2) The road, George, no. There's na'r a road.
That's wrong.
If we'd a road, we mid ha' got along.
- (1) Noo road! Ees 'tis, the road that we do goo.
- (2) Do goo, George, no. The pleace we can't get
doo.
- (1) Well, there, the vu'st lwoad we've a-hal'd to dae
Is here a-stopped in thease bed o' clae.
Here's rotten groun'! an' how the wheels do cut!
The little oone's a-zunk up to the nut.
- (3) An' eet this rotten groun' don't reach a lug.
- (1) Well, come, then, gi'e the plow another tug.
- (2) They meares wull never pull the waggon out,
A-lwoaded, an' a-stooded in thik rout.
- (3) We'll try. Come, *Smiler*, come! C'up, *White-*
voot, gee!
- (2) *White-voot* wi' lags all awver mud! Hee! Hee!

- (3) 'Twoon't wag. We shall but snap our gear,
An' awverstrain the meares. 'Twoon't wag, 'tis
clear.
- (1) That's your work, William. No, in coo'se,
'twoon't wag.
Why did ye draeve en into thease here quag?
The vore wheels be a-zunk above the nuts.
- (3) What then. I cooden leave the beaten track,
To turn the waggon awver on the back
Ov oone o' theasem emmet-butts.
If you be sich a drever, an' do know't,
You dreve the plow, then; but you'll awverdrow't.
- (1) I dreve the plow, indeed! Oh! ees, what, now
The wheels woont wag, then, *I* mid dreve the
plow!
We'd better dig away the groun' below
The wheels. (2) There's na'r a speade to dig wi'.
- (1) An' teake an' cut a lock o' frith, an' drow
Upon the clae. (2) Nor hook to cut a twig wi'.
- (1) Oh! here's a bwoy a-comen. Here, my lad,
Dost know vor a'r a speade, that can be had?
- (B) At faether's. (1) Well, where's that? (Bwoy)
At Sam'el Riddick's.

- (1) Well run, an' ax vor oone. Fling up your heels,
An' mind : a speade to dig out theasem wheels,
An' hook to cut a little lock o' widdicks.
- (3) Why, we shall want zix hosses, or a dozen,
To pull the waggon out, wi' all thease vuzzen.
- (1) Well, we mus' lighten en ; come, Jeames, then,
hop
Upon the lwoad, an' jus' fling off the top.
- (2) If I can clim' en ; but 'tis my consait,
That I shall awverzet en' wi' my waight.
- (1) You awverzet en ! No, Jeames, he won't vall,
The lwoad's a-built so firm's a wall.
- (2) Here, gie's a vooten. There, Oh ! George,
'tween't stand,
Your firm's a wall, is all so loose as zand ;
'Tis comen all to pieces. Oh ! Teake ceare !
Ho ! I'm a-vallen, vuzz an' all ! Hae ! There !
- (1) Lo'k there, thik fellor is a-vell lik lead,
An' haef the fuzzen wi'n, heels awver head !
There's'all the vuzz a-lyen lik' a staddle,
An' he a-deab'd wi' mud. Oh ! Here's a caddle !
- (3) An' zoo you soon got down some vuzzen, Jimmy.
- (2) O ees, I know 'tis down, I brought it wi' me.

- (3) Your lwoad, George, wer a rather slick-built
thing,
But there, twer prickly vor the han's! Did sting!
- (1) Oh! ees, d'ye think I be a nincompoop,
No, no. The lwoad were built so firm's a rock,
But two o' theasem emmet-butts would knock
The tightest barrel out o' hoop.
- (3) Oh! now then, here's the bwoy a-bringen back
The speade. Well done, my man. That idden
slack.
- (2) Well done, my lad, sha't have a hoss to ride,
When thee'st a meare. (Bwoy) Next never-tide.
- (3) Now let's dig out a spit or two
O' clae a-vore the little wheels;
Oh! so's, I can't pull up my heels,
I be a-stogg'd up awver shoe.
- (1) Oh, William, come! Why do you spuddle
So weak's a chile? How you do muddle!
Gi'e I the speade. A pig would poke it out
A good deal vaster wi' his snout.
- (3) Oh! so's, d'ye hear it, then. How we can
thunder!
How big we be, then George! what next
wonder?

- (1) Now, William, gi'e the waggon oone mwore
twitch,
The wheels be free, an' 'tis a lighter nitch.
- (3) Come, *Smiler*, gee! C'up, *Whitevoot*. (1) That
will do.
- (2) Do wag. (1) Do goo at laest. (3) Well done.
'Tis droo.
- (1) Now, William, till you have mwore hosses' lags,
. Don't dreve the waggon into theasem quags.
- (3) You build your lwoods up tight enough to ride.
- (1) I can't do less, d'ye know, wi' you vor guide.



GWAIN DOWN THE STEPS VOR WATER.

While zuns do roll vrom east to west
To bring us work, or leave us rest,
There down below the steep hill-zide,
Droo time an' tide, the spring do flow;
An' mothers there, vor years agone,
Lik' daeters now a-comen on,
To bloom when they be weak an' wan,
Went down the steps vor water.

An' what do yonder ringers tell
 A-ringen changes, bell by bell ;
 Or what's a-show'd by yonder zight
 O' vo'k in white, upon the road,
 But that by John o' Woodleys zide,
 There's now a-blushen vor his bride,
 A pretty maid that vu'st he spied,
 Gwain down the steps vor water.

Though she, 'tis true, is feair an' kind,
 There still be mwore a-left behind ;
 So clean's the light the zun do gi'e,
 So sprack's a bee when zummer's bright ;
 An' if I've luck, I woont be slow
 To teake off oone that I do know,
 A-trippen gaily to an' fro,
 Upon the steps vor water.

Her faether idden poor—but vew
 In parish be so well to do ;
 Vor his own cows do swing their tails
 Behind his pails, below his boughs :
 An' then agean to win my love,
 Why, she's as hwomely as a dove,
 An' don't hold up herzelf above
 Gwain down the steps vor water.

Gwain down the steps vor water ! No !
 How handsome it do meake her grow.
 If she'd be straight, or walk abrode,
 To tread her road wi' comely gait,
 She coudden do a better thing
 To zet herself upright, than bring
 Her pitcher on her head, vrom spring
 Upon the steps, wi' water.

No ! don't ye neame in oone seame breath
 Wi' bachelors the husband's he'th ;
 The happy pleace, where vingers thin
 Do pull oone's chin, or pat oone's feace.
 But still the bleame is their's, to slight
 Their happiness, wi' such a zight
 O' maidens, mornen, noon, an' night,
 A-gwain down steps vor water.



ELLEN BRINE OF ALLENBURN.

Noo soul did hear her lips complain,
 An' she's a-gone vrom all her pain,
 An' others' loss to her is gain,
 For she do live in heaven's love ;

Vull many a longsome day an' week
 She bore her ailen, still, an' meek ;
 A-worken while her strangth held on,
 An' guiden housework, when 'twere gone.
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn,
 Oh ! there be souls to murn.

The laste time I'd a-cast my zight
 Upon her feace, a-feaded white,
 Wer in a zummer's mornen light
 In hall avore the smwold'ren vire,
 The while the childern beat the vloor,
 In play wi' tiny shoes they wore,
 An' call'd their mother's eyes to view
 The feats their little lim's could do.
 Oh ! Ellen Brine ov Allenburn,
 They childern now mus' murn.

Then oone, a-stoppen vrom his reace,
 Went up, an' on her knee did pleace
 His han', a-looken in her feace,
 An' wi' a smilen mouth so small,
 He zaid, " You promised us to goo
 To Shroton feair, an' teake we two ! "
 She heard it wi' her two white ears,
 An' in her eyes there sprung two tears,
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn
 Did veel that they mus' murn.

September come, wi' Shroton fear,
 But Ellen Brine wer' never there !
 A heavy heart wer' on the meare
 Their faether rod his hwomeward road.
 'Tis true he brought zome feairens back,
 Vor they two childern all in black ;
 But they had now, wi' playthings new,
 Noo mother vor to shew em to,
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn
 Would never mwore return.



THE MOTHERLESS CHILD.

The zun wer zet back t'other night,
 But in the zetten pleace
 The clouds, a-redden'd by his light,
 Still glow'd avore my feace.
 An' I've a-lost my Meary's smile,
 I thought ; but still I have her chile,
 Zoo lik' her, that my eyes can treace
 The mother's in her daeter's feace.
 O little feace so near to me,
 An' lik' thy mother's gone ; why need I zae,
 Sweet night cloud, wi' the glow o' my lost dae,
 Thy looks be always dear to me.

The zun wer zet another night ;
 But, by the moon on high,
 He still did zend us back his light
 Below a cwolder sky.

My Meary's in a better land
 I thought, but still her chile's at hand,
 An' in her chile she'll zend me on
 Her love, though she herself's a-gone.

O little chile so near to me,
 An' lik' thy mother gone ; why need I zae,
 Sweet moon, the messenger vrom my lost dae,
 Thy looks be always dear to me.

THE LEADY'S TOWER.

'An' then we went along the gleades
 O' zunny turf, in quiv'ren sheades,
 A-winden off, vrom hand to hand,
 Along a paeth o' yollor zand,
 An' clomb a stickle slope, an' vound
 An open patch o' lofty ground,
 Up where a steately tow'r did spring,
 So high as highest larks do zing.

"Oh! Measter Collins," then I zaed,
 A-looken up wi' back-flung head;
 Vor who but he, so mild o' feace,
 Should teake me theare to zee the pleace.
 "What is it then thease tower do mean,
 A-built so feair, an' kept so clean?"
 "Ah! me," 'e zaed, wi' thoughtvul feace,
 "'Twer grief that zet thease tower in pleace.
 The squier's e'thly life's a-blest
 Wi' gifts that mwest do teake vor best;
 The lofty-pinion'd rufs do rise
 To screen his head vrom stormy skies;
 His land's a-spreaden roun' his hall,
 An' hands do leabor at his call;
 The while the hoss do fling, wi' pride,
 His lofty head where he do guide;
 But still his e'thly jay's a-vled,
 His oone true friend, his wife, is dead.
 Zoo now her happy soul's a-gone,
 An' he in grief's a-ling'ren on,
 Do do his heart zome good to show,
 His love to flesh an' blood below.
 An' zoo he rear'd, wi' smitten soul,
 Thease Leady's Tower upon the knowl.
 An' there you'll zee the tow'r do spring
 Twice ten veet up, as roun's a ring,

Wi' pillars bearen mwolded eaves,
 Above their heads o' carv'd wi' leaves;
 An' have to peace, a-walken round
 His voot, a hunderd veet o' ground.
 An' there, above his upper wall,
 A rounded tower do spring so tall
 'S a springen arrow shot upright,
 A hunderd giddy veet in height.
 An' if you'd like to strain your knees
 A-climen up above the trees,
 To zee, wi' slowly-wheelen feace,
 The vursky'd land about the pleace,
 You'll have a flight o' steps to wear
 Vor forty veet, steair a'ter steair,
 That roun' the risen tow'r do wind,
 Lik' withwind roun' the saplen's rind,
 An' reach a landen, wi' a seat,
 To rest at laest your weary veet,
 'Ithin a breast be-screenen wall,
 To keep ye vrom a longsome vall.
 An' roun the winden steairs do spring,
 Aight stwonen pillars in a ring,
 A-reachen up their heavy strangth,
 Droo forty veet o' slender length,
 To end wi' carved heads below
 The brode-vloor'd landen's airy bow.

Aight zides, as you do zee, do bound
 The lower builden on the ground,
 An' there in oone, a two-leav'd door
 Do zwing above the marble vloor ;
 An' aye, as luck do zoo betide
 Our comen, wi' can goo inside.
 The door is open now, an' zoo
 The keeper kindly let us droo.
 There as we softly trod the vloor
 O' marble stwone, 'ithin the door,
 The echoes ov our vootsteps vled
 Out roun' the wall, and auver head ;
 And there a-painted, zide by zide,
 In memory o' the squier's bride,
 In zeven paintens, true to life,
 Wer zeven zights o' wedded life."

Then Measter Collins twold me all
 The teales a-painted roun' the wall ;
 An' vu'st the bride did stan' to plight
 Her wedden vow, below the light
 A-shooten down, so bright 's a fleame,
 In droo a churches windor freame.
 An' near the bride, on either hand,
 You 'd zee her comely bridemaids stand,

Wi' eyelashes a-bent in streaks
 O' brown above their bloomen cheeks ;
 An' sheenen feair, in mellor light,
 Wi' flowen heair, an' frocks o' white.

" An' here," good Measter Collins cried,
 " You'll zee a creadle at her zide,
 An' there's her chile, a-lyen deep
 'Ithin it, an a-gone to sleep,
 Wi' little eyelashes a-met
 In fellor streaks, as black as jet ;
 The while her needle, auver head,
 Do nimble lead the snow-white dred,
 To zew a robe her love do meake
 Wi' happy leabor vor his seake.

" An' here a-gean's another pleace,
 Where she do zit wi' smilen feace,
 An' while her bwoy do lean, wi' pride,
 Agean her lap, below her zide,
 Her vinger tip do lead his look
 To zome good words o'God's own book.

" An' next you'll zee her in her pleace,
 Avore her happy husband's feace,
 As he do zit, at evenen-tide,
 A-resten by the vier-zide.

An' there the childern's heads do rise,
 Wi' laefen lips, an' beamen eyes,
 Above the bwoard, where she do lae
 Her sheenen tacklen, wi' the tea.

"An' here another zide do show
 Her vingers in her scizzars' bow,
 Avore two daeters, that do stand,
 Wi' learnsome minds, to watch her hand
 A-sheapen out, with skill an' ceare,
 A frock vor them to zew an' wear.

"Then next you'll see her bend her head
 Above her ailen husband's bed,
 A-fannen, wi' an inward pray'r,
 His burnen brow wi' beaten air ;
 The while the clock, by candle light,
 Do show that 'tis the dead o' night.

"An' here agean' upon the wall,
 Where we do zee her laest ov all,
 Her husband's head's a-hangen low,
 'Ithin his hands in deepest woe.
 An' she, an' angel ov his God,
 Do cheer his soul below the rod,
 A-liften up her han' to call
 His eyes to writen on the wall,

As white as is her spotless robe,
 'Hast thou remembered my servant Job?'
 "An' zoo the squier, in grief o' soul,
 Built up the Tower upon the knowl."



FAETHERHOOD.

Let en zit, wi' his dog an' his cat,
 Wi' ther noses a-turn'd to the vire,
 An' have all that a man should desire ;
 But ther idden much readship in that.
 Whether vo'k mid have childern or no,
 Wou'dden meake mighty odds in the main ;
 They do bring us mwore jay wi' mwore ho,
 An' wi mwore we've less jay wi' less pain.
 We be all lik' a zull's idle sheare out,
 An' shall rust out, unless we do wear out,
 Lik' do-nothen, rue-nothen,
 Dead alive dumps.

As vor me, why my life idden bound
 To my own heart alwone, among men ;
 I do live in myzelf, and agean
 In the lives o' my childern all round :

I do live wi' my bwoy in his play,
 An' agean wi' my maid in her zongs ;
 An' my heart is a-stirr'd wi' ther jay,
 An' would burn at the zight o' ther wrongs.
 I ha' nine lives, an' zoo if a haef
 O'm do cry, why the rest o'm mid laef
 All so playvully, jayvully,
 Happy wi' hope.

T'other night I come hwome a long road,
 When the weather did sting an' did vreeze ;
 An' the snow—vor the dae had a-snow'd—
 Wer avroze on the boughs o' the trees ;
 An' my tooes an' my fingers wer num',
 An' my veet wer as lumpy as logs,
 An' my ears wer so red's a cock's cwom' ;
 An' my nose wer so cwold as a dog's ;
 But as soon's I got hwome I vorgot
 Where my limbs wer a-cwold or wer hot,
 When wi' loud cries an' proud cries
 They coll'd me so cwold.

Vor the vu'st that I happen'd to meet
 Come to pull my gertcwoat vrom my earm,
 An' another did rub my feace warm,
 An' another hot-slipper'd my veet ;

While ther mother did cast on a stick,
 Vor to keep the red vier alive,
 An' they all come so busy an' thick
 As the bees vlee-en into ther hive,
 An' they meade me so happy an' proud,
 That my heart could ha' crow'd out a-loud;
 They did twile zoo, an' zmile zoo,
 An' coll'd me so cwold.

As I zot wi' my teacup, at rest,
 Ther I pull'd out the tays I did bring;
 Men a-kicken, a-wagg'd wi' a string,
 An' goggle-ey'd dolls to be drest;
 An' oh! vrom the childern there sprung
 Such a charm when they handled ther tays,
 That vor pleasure the bigger oones wrung
 Ther two hands at the zight o' ther jays;
 As the bwoys' bigger vaices vell in
 Wi' the maidens a-titteren thin,
 An' ther dancen an' prancen,
 An' little mouth'd laefs.

Though 'tis hard stripes to breed 'em all up,
 If I'm only a-blest from above,
 They'll make me amends wi' ther love,
 Vor ther pillor, ther pleate, an' ther cup;

Though I shall be never a-spwil'd
 Wi' the sarvice that money can buy ;
 Still the hands ov a wife an' a child
 Be the blessens ov low or ov high ;
 if ther be mouths to be fed,
 He that zent 'em can zend me ther bread,
 An' will smile on the chile
 That's a-new on the knee.

THE MAID O' NEWTON.

In zummer, when the knaps wer bright
 In cool-air'd evenen's western light,
 An' hay that had a-dried all dae,
 Wer lyen grey, to dewy night ;
 I went, by happy chance, or doom,
 Vrom Broadwoak Hill, athirt to Coomb,
 An' met a maid in all her bloom :
 The feairest maid o' Newton.

She bore a basket that did ride
 So light, she didden lean azide ;
 Her feace wer oval, an' she smil'd,
 So sweet's a child, but walk'd wi' pride.

I spoke to her, but what I zaed
 I didden know ; my thoughts wer vled,
 I spoke by heart, an' not by head,
 Avore the maid o' Newton.

I call'd her, oh ! I don't know who,
 Tw'er by a neame she never knew ;
 An' to the heel she stood upon,
 She then brought on her hinder shoe,
 An' stopp'd avore me, where we met,
 An' wi' a smile oone can't vorget,
 She zaed, wi' eyes a-zwimmen wet,
 “No, I be oone o' Newton.”

Then on I rambled to the west,
 Below the zunny hangens' breast,
 Where, down athirt the little stream,
 The brudge's beam did lie at rest :
 But all the birds, wi' lively glee,
 Did chirp and hop vrom tree to tree,
 As if it wer vrom pride, to zee
 Goo by the maid o' Newton.

By fancy led, at evenen's glow,
 I oonce did goo a-roven slow,
 Down where the elems, stem by stem,
 Do stan' to hem the grove below ;

But a'ter that, my veet vorzook
 The grove, to seek the little brook
 At Cooms, where I mid zometimes look,
 To meet the maid o' Newton.



CHILDHOOD.

Aye, at that time our days wer but vew,
 An' our lim's wer but small, and a-grownen ;
 An' then the feair worold wer new,
 An' life wer all hopevul an' gay ;
 An' the times o' the sprouten o' leaves,
 An' the cheak-burnen seasons o' mowen,
 An' binden o' red-headed sheaves,
 Wer all welcome seasons o' jay.

Then the housen seem'd high that be low,
 An' the brook did seem wide that is narrow,
 An' time that do vlee did goo slow,
 An' veelens now feeble wer strong,
 An' our worold did end wi' the neames
 Ov the Sha'sbury Hill or Bulbarrow ;
 An' life did seem only the geames
 That we play'd as the days roll'd along.

Then the rivers an' high-timber'd lands,
 An' the zilvery hills, 'ithout buyen,
 Seem'd all comen into our hands
 Vrom others that own'd em avore ;
 An' all zickness, an' sorra, an' need,
 Seem'd to die wi' the wold vo'k a-dyen,
 An' leave us vor ever a-freed
 Vrom evils our forefaethers bore.

But happy be childern the while
 They have elders a-liven to love em,
 An' teake all the wearisome twile
 That zome hands or other mus' do ;
 Lik' the low-headed shrubs that be warm,
 In the lewth o' the trees up above 'em,
 A-screen'd vrom the cwold blownen storm
 That the timber avore 'em mus' rue.



MEARY'S SMILE.

When mornen winds, a-blown high,
 Do sweep the clouds vrom all the sky,

An' laurel-leaves do glitter bright,
 The while the newly broken light
 Do brighten up, avore our view,
 The vields wi' green, an' hills wi' blue ;
 What then can highten to my eyes
 The cheerful feace ov e'th an' skies,
 But Meary's smile, o' Morey's Mill,
 My rwose o' Mowy Lea.

An' when, at laest, the evenen dewes
 Do now begin to wet our shoes ;
 An' night's a-riden to the west,
 To stop our work, an' gi'e us rest,
 Oh ! let the candle's ruddy gleare
 But brighten up her sheenen hear ;
 Or else, as she do wa'k abroad,
 Let moonlight show, upon the road,
 My Meary's smile, o' Morey's Mill,
 My rwose o' Mowy Lea.

An' O ! mid neyer tears come on,
 To wash her feace's blushes wan,
 Nor kill her smiles that now do play
 Lik' sparklen weaves in zunny May ;
 But mid she still, vor all she's gone
 Vrom souls she now do smile upon,

Show others they can vind oone jay
To turn the hardest work to play.

My Meary's smile, o' Morey's Mill,
My rwose o' Mowry Lea.



MEARY WEDDED.

The zun can zink, the stars mid rise,
An' woods be green to sheenen skies ;
The cock mid crow to mornen light,
An' workvo'k zing to vallen night ;
The birds mid whissle on the spray,
An' childern leap in merry play,
But our's is now a lifeless pleace,
Vor we've a-lost a smilen face—

Young Meary Mead o' merry mood,
Vor she's a-woo'd an' wedded.

The dog that oonce wer glad to bear
Her fondlen vingers down his hair,
Do lean his head agean the vloer,
To watch, wi' heavy eyes, the door ;
An' men she zent so happy hwome
O' Zadderdaes, do seem to come

To door, wi' downcast hearts, to miss
 Wi' smiles below the clematis,
 Young Meary Mead o' merry mood,
 Vor she 's a-woo'd an' wedded.

When they do drae the evenen blind,
 An' when the evenen light 's a-tin'd,
 The cheerless vire do drow a gleare
 O' light agean her empty chair ;
 An' wordless gaps do now meake thin
 Their talk where oonce her vaice come in.
 Zoo lwonesome is her empty pleast,
 An' blest the house that ha' the feace
 O' Meary Mead o' merry mood,
 Now she 's a-woo'd an' wedded.

The day she left her faether's he'th,
 Though sad, wer kept a day o' me'th,
 An' dry-wheel'd waggon's empty beds
 Wer left 'ithin the tree-screen'd sheds ;
 An' all the hosses, at their ease,
 Went snorten up the flow'ry lease,
 But oone, the smartest for the road,
 That pull'd away the dearest lwood—
 Young Meary Mead o' merry mood,
 That wer a-woo'd and wedded.

THE STWONEN BWOY UPON THE PILLAR.

Wi' smokeless tuns and empty halls,
 An' moss a-clingen to the walls,
 In ev'ry wind the lofty tow'rs
 Do teake the zun, an' bear the show'rs ;
 An' there, 'ithin a geat a-hung,
 But vassen'd up, an' never swung,
 Upon the pillar, all alwone,
 Do stan' the little bwoy o' stwone ;
 The seame 's a poppy, ling'ren on
 Vorseaken, when the wheat 's a-gone.
 An' there, then, wi' his bow let slack,
 An' little quiver at his back,
 Droo het an' wet, the little chile
 Vrom day to day do stan' an' smile.
 When vu'st the light, a-risen weak,
 At break o' dae, do smite his cheak,
 Or while at noon the leafy bough
 Do cast a sheade a-thirt his brow,
 Or when at night the warm-breath'd cows
 Do sleep by moon-belighted boughs ;
 An' there the while the rooks do bring
 Their scroff to build their nest in spring,

Or zwallows in the zummer dae
 Do cling their little huts o' clay,
 'Ithin the rainles sheades, below
 The steadvast arches' mossy bow.
 Or when, in Fall, the woak do shed
 The leaves a-wither'd vrom his head,
 An' western win's, a-blown cool,
 Do dreve 'em out athirt the pool,
 Or Winter's clouds do gather dark,
 An' wet wi' rain the elem's bark,
 You'll zee his perty smile betwixt
 His little sheade-mark'd lips a-fix'd ;
 As there his little sheape do bide
 Droo dae an' night, an' time an' tide,
 An' never change his size or dress,
 Nor awvergrow his prettiness.
 But, oh ! thik child that we do vind
 In childhood still, do call to mind
 A little bwoy a-call'd by death,
 Long years ago, vrom our sad he'th ;
 An' I, in thought, can zee en dim
 The seame in feace, the seame in lim'.
 My heair mid whiten as the snow,
 My limbs grow weak, my step wear slow,
 My droopen head mid slowly vall
 Above the han'-staff's glossy ball,

An' eet, vor all a wid'nen span
 Ov years, mid change a liven man,
 My little chile do still appear
 To me wi' all his childhood's gear,
 'Ithout a beard upon his chin,
 'Ithout a wrinkle in his skin,
 A-liven on, a chile the seame
 In look, an' sheape, an' size, an' neame.



THE YOUNG THAT DIED IN BEAUTY.

If souls should oply sheen so bright
 In heaven as in e'thly light,
 An' nothen better wer the cease,
 How comely still, in sheape an' feace,
 Would many reach thik happy pleace,—
 The hopeful souls that in their prime
 Ha' seem'd a-took avore their time—
 The young that died in beauty.

But when oone's lim's ha' lost their strangth
 A-twilen droo a lifetime's langth,
 And auver cheeks a-grownen wold
 The slowly-weasten years ha' rolled

The deep'nen wrinkle's hollor vwold ;
 When life is ripe, then death do call
 Vor less ov thought, than when do vall
 On young vo'ks in their beauty.

But pinen souls, wi' heads a-hung
 In heavy sorra vor the young,
 The sister or the brother dead,
 The faether wi' a child a-vled,
 The husband when his bride ha' laid
 Her head at rest, noo mwore to turn,
 Have all a-vound the time to murn
 Vor youth that died in beauty.

An' eet the church, where prayer do rise
 Vrom thoughtvul souls, wi' downcast eyes,
 An' village greens, a-beat haef beare
 By daencers that do meet, an' wear
 Such merry looks at feast an' feair,
 Do gather under leatest skies,
 Their bloomen cheeks an' sparklen eyes,
 Though young ha' died in beauty.

But still the dead shall mwore than keep
 The beauty ov their early sleep ;
 Where comely looks shall never wear
 Uncomely, under twile an' ceare.

The fear at death be always fear,
 Still fear to livers' thought an' love,
 An' feairer still to God above,
 Than when they died in beauty.



FAIR EMILY OV YARROW MILL.

Dear Yarrowham, 'twere many miles
 Vrom thy green meads that, in my walk,
 I met a maid wi' winnen smiles,
 That talk'd as vo'k at hwome do talk ;
 An' who at laest should she be vound,
 Of all the souls the sky do bound,
 But oone that trod at vu'st thy ground,
 Fair Emily of Yarrow Mill.

But thy wold house an' elmy nook,
 An' wall-screen'd gearden's mossy zides,
 Thy grassy meads an' zedgy brook,
 An' high-bank'd leanes, wi' sheady rides,
 Wer all a-know'd to me by light
 Ov early days, a-quench'd by night,
 Avore they met the younger zight
 Ov Emily ov Yarrow Mill.

An' now my heart do leap to think,
 O' times that I've a-spent in play,
 Bezide thy river's rushy brink,
 Upon a deaizy bed o' May ;
 I lov'd the friends thy land ha' bore,
 An' I do love the paeths they wore,
 An' I do love thee all the mwore,
 Vor Emily ov Yarrow Mill.

When bright above the e'th below
 The moon do spread abroad his light,
 An' air o' summer nights do blow
 Athirt the vields in playsome flight,
 'Tis then delightsome under all
 The sheades o' boughs by paeth or wall,
 But mwostly thine when they do vall
 On Emily ov Yarrow Mill.



THE SCUD.

Aye, aye, the leane wi' flow'ry zides
 A-kept so lew, by hazzle-wrides,
 Wi' beds o' greygles out in bloom,
 Below the timber's windless gloom,

An' geate that I've a-swung,
 An' rod when he wer hung,
 An' I wer young, in Woakley Coomb.

'Twer there at feast we all did pass
 The evenen on the leanezide grass,
 Out where the geate do let us droo,
 Below the woak-trees in the lew,
 In merry geames an' fun
 That meade us skip an' run,
 Wi' burnen zun, an' sky o' blue.

But still there come a scud that drove
 The titt'ren maidens vrom the grove ;
 An' there wer left the flow'ry mound,
 'Ithout a vaice, 'ithout a sound,
 Unless the air did blow,
 Droo ruslen leaves, an' drow,
 The rain draps low, upon the ground.

I linger'd there an' miss'd the naise ;
 I linger'd there an' miss'd our jays ;
 I miss'd oone soul beyond the rest ;
 The maid that I do like the best.
 Vor where her vaice is gay,
 An' where her smiles do play,
 There's always jay vor ev'ry breast.

Vor zome vo'k out abroad ha' me'th,
 But nwone at hwome bezide the he'th ;
 An' zome ha' smiles vor strangers' view,
 An' frowns vor kith an' kin to rue ;
 But her sweet vaice do vall,
 Wi' kindly words to all,
 Both gert an' small, the whole dae droo.

An' when the evenen sky wer peale,
 We heard the warblen nightengeale,
 A-drawen out his lwonesome zong,
 In winden music down the drong ;
 An' Jenny vrom her he'th,
 Come out, though not in me'th,
 But held her breath, to hear his zong.

Then, while the bird wi' zingen bill
 Did warble on, her vaice wer still ;
 An' as she stood avore me, bound
 In stillness to the flow'ry mound,
 " The bird's a jay to zome,
 I thought, but when he's dum,
 Her vaice will come, wi' sweeter sound."

MINDEN HOUSE.

'Twer when the vo'k wer out to hawl
 A vield o' hay a dae in June,
 An' when the zun begun to vall
 Toward the west in a'ternoon,
 That only oone wer left behind
 To bide indoors, at hwome, an' mind
 The house, and answer vo'k avore
 The geate or door,—young Fanny Deane.

The air 'ithin the gearden wall
 Wer deadly still, unless the bee
 Did hummy by, or in the hall
 The clock did ring a-hetten dree,
 An' there, wi' busy hands, inside
 The iron ceasement, open'd wide,
 Did zit an' pull wi' nimble twitch
 Her tiny stitch, young Fanny Deane.

As there she zot she heard two blows
 A-knock'd upon the rumblen door,
 An' laid azide her work, an' rose,
 An' walk'd out feair, athirt the vloor ;

An' there, a-holden in his hand
 His bridled meare, a youth did stand,
 An' mildly twold his neame an' place
 Avore the feace o' Fanny Deane.

He twold her that he had on hand
 Zome business on his faether's zide,
 But what she didden understand ;
 An' zoo she ax'd en if he'd ride
 Out where her faether mid be vound,
 Bezide the plow, in Cowslip Ground ;
 An' there 'e went, but left his mind
 Back there behind, wi' Fanny Deane.

An' oh ! his hwomeward road wer gay
 In air a-blown whiff by whiff,
 While sheenen water weaves did play
 An' boughs did sway above the cliff ;
 Vor Time had now a-show'd en dim
 The jay it had in store vor him,
 An' when 'e went thik road agean
 His errand then wer Fanny Deane.

How strannely things be brought about
 By Providence, noo tongue can tell,
 She minded house when vo'k wer out,
 An' zoo mus' bid the house farwell ;

The bees mid hum, the clock mid call
 The lwonesome hours 'ithin the hall,
 But in behind the woaken door,
 There's now noo mwore a Fanny Deane.



THE LOVELY MAID OV ELWELL MEAD.

A maid wi' many gifts o' greace,
 A maid wi' ever-smilen feace,
 A child o' yours my childhood's pleace,
 O leanen lawns ov Allen ;
 'S a-walken where your stream do flow,
 A-blushen where your flowers do blow,
 A-smilen where your zun do glow,
 O leanen lawns ov Allen.
 An' good, however good 's a-waigh'd,
 'S the lovely maid ov Elwell Mead.

An' oh ! if I could teame an' guide
 The winds above the e'th, an' ride
 As light as shooten stars do glide,
 O leanen lawns ov Allen,
 To you I 'd teake my daely flight,
 Droo dark'nen air in evenen's light,

An' bid her every night "Good night,"

O leanen lawns ov Allen.

Vor good, however good 's a-waigh'd,

'S the lovely maid ov Elwell Mead.

An' when your hedges' sloos be blue,

Wi' blackberries o' dark'nen hue,

An' spiders' webs behung wi' dew,

O leanen lawns ov Allen,

Avore the winter air 's a-chill'd,

Avore your winter brook 's a-vill'd,

Avore your zummer flow'rs be kill'd,

O leanen lawns ov Allen ;

I there would meet, in white array'd,

The lovely maid ov Elwell Mead.

For when the zun, as birds do rise,

Do cast their sheades vrom autum' skies,

A-sparklen in her dewy eyes,

O leanen lawns ov Allen ;

Then all your mossy paeths below

The trees, wi' leaves a-vallen slow,

Lik' zinken fleakes o' yollor snow,

O leanen lawns ov Allen.

Would be mwore teaken where there stray'd

The lovely maid ov Elwell Mead.

OUR FAETHERS' WORKS.

Ah! I do think, as I do tread
 Thease paeth, wi' elems auverhead,
 A-climen slowly up vrom Brudge,
 By easy steps, to Broadwoak Rudge,
 That all thease roads that we do bruise
 Wi' hosses' shoes, or heavy lwoods;
 And hedges' bands, where trees in row
 Do rise an' grow aroun^t the lands,
 Be works that we 've a-vound a-wrought
 By our forefaethers' ceare an' thought.

They clear'd the groun' vor grass to teake
 The pplace that bore the bremble breake,
 An' drain'd the fen, where water spread,
 A-lyen dead, a beane to men;
 An' built the mill, where still the wheel
 Da' grin' our meal, below the hill;
 An' turn'd the brudge, wi' arches spread,
 Below a road, vor us to tread.

They voun' a pplace, were we mid seek
 The gifts o' greace vrom week to week;

An' built wi' stwone, npon the hill,
 A tow'r we still do call our own ;
 With bells to use, an' meake rejaice,
 Wi' giant vaice, at our good news :
 An' lifted stwones an' beams to keep'
 The rain an' cwold vrom us asleep.

Zoo now mid nwone ov us vorget
 The pattern our forefaethers zet ;
 But each be fain to underteake
 Some work to meake vor others' gain,
 That we mid leave mwore good to sheare,
 Less ills to bear, less souls to grieve,
 An' when our hands do vall to rest,
 It mid be vrom a-work a-blest.



THE WOLD VO'K DEAD.

My days, wi' wold vo'k all but gone,
 An' childern now a-comen on,
 Do bring me still my mother's smiles
 In light that now do show my chile's ;
 And I 've a-shear'd the wold vo'ks' me'th,
 Avore the burnen Chris'mas he'th,

At friendly bwoards, where feace by feace,
 Did, year by year, gi'e up its pleace,
 An' leave me here, behine, to tread
 The ground a-trod by wold vo'k dead.

But wold things be a-lost vor new,
 An' zome do come, while zome do goo :
 As wither'd beech-tree leaves do cling
 Among the nesh young buds o' spring ;
 An' fretten worms ha' slowly wound,
 Droo beams the wold vo'k lifted sound,
 An' trees they planted little slips
 Ha' stems that noo two earms can clips ;
 An' grey an' yollor moss do spread
 On buildens new to wold vo'k dead.

The backs of all our zilv'ry hills,
 The brook that still do dreve our mills,
 The roads a-climen up the brows
 O' knaps, a-screen'd by meaple boughs,
 Wer all a-mark'd in sheade and light
 Avore our wolder faethers' zight,
 In zunny days, a-gied their hands
 For happy work, a-tillen lands,
 That now do yield their childern bread
 Till they do rest wi' wold vo'k dead.

But liven vo'k, a-grieven on,
 Wi' lwonesome love, vor souls a-gone,
 Do zee their goodness, but do vind
 All else a-stealen out o' mind ;
 As air do meake the vurdest land
 Look feairer than the vield at hand,
 An' zoo, as time do slowly pass,
 So still's a sheade upon the grass,
 Its wid'nen speace do slowly shed
 A glory roun' the wold vo'k dead.

An' what if good vo'ks' life o' breath
 Is zoo a-hallow'd a'ter death,
 That they mid only know above,
 Their times o' faith, an' jay, an' love,
 While all the evil time ha' brought
 Is lost vor ever out o' thought ●
 As all the moon that idden bright,
 Is lost in darkness out o' zight ;
 And all the godly life they led
 Is glory to the wold vo'k dead.

If things be zoo, an' souls above
 Can only mind our e'thly love,
 Why then they 'll veel our kindness drown
 The thoughts ov all that meade em frown.

An' jay o' jays will dry the tear
 O' sadness that do trickle here,
 An' nothen mwore o' life than love,
 An' peace, will then be known above.
 Do good, vor that, when life 's a-vled,
 Is still a pleasure to the dead.



CULVER DELL AND THE SQUIRE.

There's noo pleace I do like so well,
 As Elem Knap in Culver Dell,
 Where timber trees, wi' lofty shouds,
 Did rise avore the western clouds ;
 An' stan' agean, wi' veathery tops,
 A-swayen^{up} in Noth-Hill Copse.
 An' on the east the mornen broke
 Above a dewy grove o' woak ;
 An' noontide shed its burnen light
 On ashes on the southern height ;
 And I could vind zome teales to tell,
 O' former daes in Culver Dell,

And all the vo'k did love so well
 The good wold squire o' Culver Dell,

That used to ramble droo the sheades
 O' timber, or the burnen gleades,
 An' come at evenen up the leaze
 • Wi' red-eared dogs beside his knees,
 An' hold his gun a-hangen droo
 His earmpit, out above his tooe.
 Wi' kindly words upon his tongue,
 Vor vo'k that met en, wold an' young,
 Vor he did know the poor so well
 'S the richest vo'k in Culver Dell.

An' while the woak wi' spreaden head
 Did sheade the foxes' verny bed ;
 An' runnen heares, in zunny gleades,
 Did beat the grasses' quiv'ren bleades ;
 An' speckled paetridges took flight
 In vields o' stubble, feaden white ;
 Or he could zee the pheasant strut
 In sheady woods, wi' painted cwot ;
 Or long-tongued dogs did love to run
 Among the leaves, beside his gun ;
 He didden want vor call to dwell
 At hwome in peace in Culver Dell.

But now I hope his kindly feace
 Is gone to vind a better pleace ;

But still, wi' vo'k a-left behind
 He'll always be a-kept in mind,
 Vor all his springy-vooted hounds
 Ha' done o' trotten round his grounds,
 An' we have all a-left the spot,
 To teake, a-scatter'd, each his lot ;
 An' even Faether, lik' the rest,
 Ha' left our long vorseaken nest ;
 An' we should vind it sad to dwell,
 Agean at hwome in Culver Dell.

The airy mornens still mid smite
 Our windors wi' their rwozy light,
 An' high-zunn'd noons mid dry the dew
 On growen groun' below our shoe ;
 The blushen evenen still mid dye
 Wi' viry red, the western sky ;
 The zunny spring-time's quicknen power
 Mid come to open leaf an' flower ;
 An' days an' tides mid bring us on
 Oone pleasure when another 's gone.
 But we must bid a long farwell
 To days an' tides in Culver Dell.

OUR BETHPLEACE.

How dear's the door a latch do shut,
 An' gearden that a hatch do shut,
 Where vu'st our bloomen cheaks ha' prest
 The pillor ov our childhood's rest :
 Or where, wi' little tooes, we wore
 The paeths our faethers trod avore ;
 Or clim'd the timber's bark aloft,
 Below the zingen lark aloft,
 The while we heard the echo sound
 Droo all the ringen valley round.

A lwonesome grove o' woak did rise,
 To screen our house, where smoke did rise,
 A-twisten blue, while eet the zun
 Did langthen on our childhood's fun ;
 An' there, wi' all the sheapes an' sounds
 O' life, among the timber'd grounds,
 The birds upon their boughs did zing,
 An' milkmaids by their cows did zing,
 Wi' merry sounds, that softly died,
 A-ringen down the valley zide.

By river banks, wi' reeds a-bound,
 An' sheenen pools, with weeds a-bound,
 The long-neck'd gander's ruddy bill
 To snow-white geese did cackle sh'ill;
 An' striden peewits heasten'd by,
 O' tiptooe wi' their screamen cry;
 An' stalken cows a-lowen loud,
 An' strutten cocks a-crowen loud,
 Did rouse the echoes up to mock
 Their mingled soun's by hill an' rock.

The stars that clim'd our skies all dark,
 Above our sleepen eyes all dark,
 An' zuns a-rollen round to bring
 The seasons on, vrom spring to spring,
 Ha' vled, wi' never-resten flight,
 Droo green-bough'd dae, an' dark-treed night;
 Till now our childhood's pleaces there
 Be gay wi' other feaces there,
 An' we ourselves do vollow on
 Our own forelivers dead an' gone.

THE WINDOR FREAMED WI' STWONE.

When Pentridge House wer still the nest
 O' souls that now ha' better rest,
 Avore the vier burnt to ground
 Its beams an' walls, that then wer sound,
 'Ithin a nail-bestudded door,
 An' passage wi' a stwonen vloor,
 There spread the hall, where zun-light shone
 In droo a windor fream'd wi' stwone.

A clavy-beam o' sheenen woak
 Did span the he'th, wi' twisten smoke,
 Where fleames did shoot in yollor streaks,
 Above the brands, their flashen peaks ;
 An' aent did pull, as she did stan'
 A-tip-tooe, wi' her lifted han',
 A curtain feaded wi' the zun,
 Avore the windor fream'd wi' stwone.

When Hwome-grown grass below the moon,
 Wer damp wi' evenen dew in June,
 An' aent did call the maidens in
 Vrom walken, wi' their shoes too thin,

They zot to rest their litty veet
 Upon the windor's woaken seat,
 An' chatted there, in light that shone
 In droo the windor fream'd wi' stwone.

An' as the seasons, in a ring,
 Roll'd slowly roun' vrom spring to spring,
 An' bro't em on zome holy-tide,
 When they did cast their tools azide ;
 How glad it meade em all to spy
 In Stwonylands zome friends draw nigh,
 As they did know em all by neame
 Out droo the windor's stwonen freame.

O' evenen zun, a-riden droo
 The sky, vrom Sh'oton Hill o' blue,
 To leave the night a-brooden dark
 At Sta'bridge, wi' its grey-wall'd park ;
 Small jay to me the vields do bring,
 Vor all their zummer birds do zing,
 Since now thy beams noo mwore do fleame
 In droo the windor's stwonen freame.

THE WATER-SPRING IN THE LEANE.

Oh! aye! the spring 'ithin the leane,
 A-leaden down to Lyddan Brook ;
 An' still a-nesslen in his nook,
 As weeks do pass, an' moons do weane.

Nwone the drier,
 Nwone the higher,
 Nwone the nigher to the door
 Where we did live so long avore.

An' oh! what vo'k his mossy brim
 Ha' gather'd in the run' o' time!
 The wife a-blushen in her prime;
 The widor wi' her eyezight dim;
 Maidens dippen,
 Childern sippen,
 Water drippen, at the cool
 Dark wallen ov the little pool.

Behind the spring do lie the lands
 My faether till'd, vrom spring to spring,
 Awaiten on vor time to bring
 The crops to pay his weary hands.

Wheat a-grown,
 Beans a-blown,
 Grass vor mowen, where the brudge
 Do lead to Ryall's on the rudge.

But who do know when liv'd an' died
 The squier o' the mwoldren hall;
 That lined en wi' a stwonen wall,
 An' stean'd so clean his wat'ry zide?
 We behind en,
 Now can't vind en,
 But do mind en, an' do thank
 His meaker vor his little tank.

THE POPLARS.

If thease dae's work an' burnen sky
 'V'a zent hwome you so tired as I,
 Let's zit an' rest 'ithin the screen
 O' my wold bow'r upon the green;
 Where I do goo myzelf an' let
 The evenen aier cool my het,
 When dew do wet the grasses' bleades,
 A-quiv'ren in the dusky sheades,

There yonder poplar trees do play
 Soft music, as their heads do sway,
 While wind, a-rustlen soft or loud,
 Do stream agean their lofty shoud ;
 An' seem to heal the ranklen zore
 My mind do meet wi' out o' door,
 When I've a-bore, in downcast mood,
 Zome evil where I look'd vor good.

An' they two poplars that do rise
 So high avore our naibours' eyes,
 Wer zet by gramfer, hand by hand,
 Wi' grammer, in their bit o' land ;
 An' oone upon the western zide
 Wer his, and oone wer grammer's pride,
 An' since they died, we all do teake
 Mwore ceare o'm vor the wold vo'k's seake.

An' there, wi' stems a-growen tall
 Avore the houses' mossy wall,
 The while the moon ha' slowly past
 The leafy windor, they 've a-cast
 Their sheades 'ithin the windor peane ;
 While childern have a-grow'd to men,
 An' then agean ha' left their beds,
 To bear their childern's heavy heads.

THE LINDEN ON THE LAWN.

No ! Jenny, there 's noo pleace to charm
 My mind lik' yours at Woakland farm,
 A-pearted vrom the busy town,
 By longsorne miles ov airy down,
 Where oonce the meshy wall did gird
 Your flow'ry gearden, an' the bird
 Did zing in zummer wind that stirr'd
 The spreaden linden on the lawn.

An' now ov all the trees wi' sheades
 A-wheelen round in Blackmwor gleades,
 There 's noo tall poplar by the brook,
 Nor elem that do rock the rook,
 Nor ash upon the shelven ledge,
 Nor low-bough'd woak beside the hedge,
 Nor withy leanen awver zedge,
 So dear's thik linden on the lawn.

Vor there, o' zummer nights, below
 The wall, we zot when air did blow,
 An' sheake the dewy rrose a-tied
 Up roun' the windor's stownen zide ;

An' while the carter rod along
 A-zingen, down the dusky drong,
 'There you did zing a sweeter zong
 Below the linden on the lawn.

An' while your warbled ditty wound
 Droo playsome flights o' mellor sound,
 The nightengeale's sh'ill zong, that broke
 The stillness ov the dewy woak,
 Rung clear along the grove, an' smote
 To sudden stillness ev'ry droat;
 As we did zit, an' hear it float
 Below the linden on the lawn.

Where dusky light did softly vail
 'Ithin the stwonen-windor'd hall,
 Avore your faether's blinken eyes,
 His evenen whiff o' smoke did rise,
 An' vrom the bedroom windor's height
 Your little John, a-cloth'd in white,
 An' gwain to bed, did cry "good night"
 Towards the linden on the lawn.

But now, as Dobbin, wi' a nod
 Vor ev'ry heavy step 'e trod,
 Did bring me on, to-night, avore
 The geabled house's porched door,

Noo laefen child a-cloth'd in white,
 Look'd droo the stwonen windor's light,
 An' noo vaice zung, in dusky night,
 Below the linden on the lawn,

An' zoo, if you should ever vind,
 My kindness seem to grow less kind,
 An' if upon my clouded feace
 My smile should yield a frown its pleace,
 Then, Jenny, only laef an' call
 My mind 'ithin the gearden wall,
 Where we did play at even-fall,
 Below the linden on the lawn.



OUR ABODE IN ARBY WOOD..

Though ice do hang upon the willows,
 Out beside the vrozen brook,
 An' storms do roar above our pillows,
 Droo the night, 'ithin our nook ;
 Our evenen he'th 's a-glowen warm,
 Droo wringen vrost, an' roaren storm.
 Though winds mid meake the wold beams sheake,
 In our abode in Arby Wood.

An' there, though we mid hear the timber,
 Creaken in the windy rain ;
 An' climen ivy quiver, limber,
 Up agean the windor peane ;
 Our merry vaices then do sound,
 In rollen glee, or dree-vaice round ;
 Though wind mid roar, 'ithout the door,
 Ov our abode in Arby Wood.

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THE VIER-ZIDE.

'Tis zome vo'k's jay to teake the road,
 An' goo abro'd, a wand'ren wide,
 Vrom shere to shere, vrom pleace to pleace,
 The swiftest peace that vo'k can ride.
 But I 've a jay 'ithin the door,
 Wi' friends avore the vier-zide.

An' zoo, when winter skies do lour,
 An' when the Stour 's a-rollen wide,
 Droo brudge-voot rails, a-painted white,
 To be at night, the trav'ller's guide,
 Gi'e me a pleace that's warm an' dry,
 A-zitten nigh my vier-zide.

Vor where do love o' kith an' kin,
 At vu'st begin, or grow and wride,
 Till souls a-lov'd so young, be wold,
 Though never cwold, droo time nor tide,
 But where in me'th their gather'd veet
 Do often meet—the vier-zide.

If when a friend ha' left the land,
 I shook his hand a-most wet-eyed,
 I felt too well the op'nen door
 Would lead noo mwore where he did bide
 An' where I heard his vaice's sound,
 In me'th around the vier-zide.

As I 've a-zeed how vast do vall
 The mwold'ren hall, the wold vo'k's pride,
 Where merry hearts were oonce a-ved
 Wi' daely bread, why I 've a-sigh'd,
 To zee the wall so green wi' mwold,
 An' vind so cwold the vier-zide.

An Chris'mas still mid bring his me'th
 To ouer he'th, but if we tried
 To gather all that oonce did wear
 Gay feaces there ! Ah ! zome ha' died,
 An' zome be gone to leave wi' gaps
 O' missen laps, the vier-zide.

But come now bring us in your hand,
 A heavy brand o' woak a-dried,
 To cheer us wi' his het an' light,
 While vrosty night, so starry-skied,
 Go gather souls that time do speare
 To zit an' sheare our vier-zide.



KNOWLWOOD.

I don't want to sleep abroad, John,
 I do like my whomeward road, John ;
 An' like the sound o' Knowlwood bells the best.
 Zome would rove vrom pleace to pleace, John,
 Zome would goo vrom feace to feace, John,
 But I be happy in my hwomely nest ;
 An' slight 's the hope vor any pleace bezide,
 To leave the plain abode where love do bide,

Where the shelve knap do vall, John,
 Under trees a-springen tall, John ;
 'Tis there my house do show his sheenen zide,
 Wi' his walls vor ever green, John,

Under ivy that's a screen, John,
 Vrom wet an' het an' ev'ry changen tide,
 An' I do little ho vor goold or pride,
 To leave the plain abode where love do bide.

There the benden stream do flow, John,
 By the mossy brudge's bow, John ;
 An' there the road do wind below the hill ;
 There the miller, white wi' meal, John,
 Deafen'd wi' his foamy wheel, John,
 Do stan o' times a-looken out o' mill :
 The while 'ithin his lightly-sheaken door,
 His wheaten flour do whiten all his floor.

When my daily work's a-done, John,
 At the zetten o' the zun, John,
 An' I all day 've a-play'd a good man's peart,
 Then my body's ease is blest, John,
 While my conscience is at rest, John ;
 An' while noo worm 's a-left to fret my heart ;
 An' who vor finer hwomes o' restless pride,
 Would pass the plain abode where peace do bide ?

By a windor in the west, John,
 There upon my fiddle's breast, John,
 The strings do sound below my bow's white hair ;
 While a zingen drush do sway, John,

Up an' down upon a spray, John,
 An' cast his sheade upon the windor square ;
 Vor birds do know their friends, an' build their nest,
 An' love to roost, where they can live at rest.

Ou o' town the win' do bring, John,
 Peals o' bells when they do ring, John,
 An' roun' me here, at hand, my ear can catch
 The milkmaid zingen by the stream, John,
 Or carter whislen, wi' his team, John,
 Or zingen birds, or water at the hatch ;
 An' zoo wi' sounds o' vaice, an' bird an' bell,
 Noo hour is dull 'ithin our rosy dell.

An' when the darksome night do hide, John,
 Land an' wood on ev'ry zide, John ;
 An' when the candle's lighted on my bward,
 Then vor pleasures out o' door, John,
 I 've enough upon my floor, John :
 My Jenny's loven deed, an' look, an' word,
 An' we be lwoth, lik' culvers zide by zide,
 To leave the plain abode where love do bide.

HALLOWED PLEACES.

At Woodcombe farm, wi' groun' an' tree
 Hallow'd by times o' youthvul glee,
 At Chris'mas time I spent a night
 Wi' feaces dearest to my zight;
 An' took my wife to tread, oonce mwore,
 Her maiden hwome's vorzeaken vloor,
 An' while the stars wer slowly wheel'd
 Aloft, above the keen-air'd vield,
 An' night bedimm'd the rus'len copse,
 An' darken'd all the rudges' tops,
 The hall, a-hung wi' holly, rung
 Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

There, on the he'th's well-hetted ground,
 Hallow'd by times o' zitten round,
 The brimvul mug o' cider stood
 An' hiss'd avore the bleazen wood;
 An' zome, a-zitten knee by knee,
 Did tell their teales wi' hearty glee,
 An' others gambled in a roar
 O' laeften on the stwonen vloor;

An' while the moss o' winter-tide
 Clung chilly roun' the house's zide,
 The hall, a-hung wi' holly, rung
 Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

There, on the pworches bench o' stwone,
 Hallow'd by times o' youthvul fun,
 We laef'd an' sigh'd to think o' neames
 That rung there oonce, in evenen geames ;
 An' while the swayen cypress bow'd,
 In chilly wind, his darksome shoud,
 An' honeysuckles, beare o' leaves,
 Still reach'd the windor-sheaden eaves
 Up where the clematis did trim
 The stwonen arches mossy rim
 The hall, a-hung wi' holly, rung
 Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

There, in the gearden's wall-bound square,
 Hallow'd by times o' strolen there,
 The winter wind, a-hufflen loud,
 Did sway the pear-tree's leafless shoud,
 An' beat the bush that oonce did bear
 The damask rrose vor Jenny's hair ;
 An' there the walk o' peaven stwone
 That burn'd below the zummer zun,

Struck icy-cwold droo shoes awore
 By maidens vrom the hetted vloor
 In hall, a-hung wi' holm, where rung
 Vull many a tongue o' wold an' young.

There at the geate that oonce wer blue,
 Hallow'd by times o' passen droo,
 Light strawmotes rose in flaggen flight,
 A-floated by the winds o' night,
 Where leafy ivy-stems did crawl
 In moonlight on the windblown wall,
 An' merry maidens' vaices vled
 In echoes sh'ill, vrom wall to shed,
 As shiv'ren in their frocks o' white
 They come to bid us there "Good night,"
 Vrom hall, a-hung wi' holm, that rung
 Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

There in the narrow leane an' drong
 Hallow'd by times o' gwain along,
 The lofty ashes' leafless shouds
 Rose dark avore the clear-edged clouds,
 The while the moon, at gertest height,
 Bespread the pooly brook wi' light,
 An' as our chile in loose-limb'd rest,
 Lay peale upon her mother's breast,

Her waxen eyelids seal'd her eyes
 Vrom darksome trees, an' sheenen skies,
 An' halls a-hung wi' holm, that rung
 Wi' many a tongue, o' wold and young.



THE WOLD WALL.

Here, Jeane, we vu'st did meet below
 The leafy boughs a-swingen slow,
 The while the zun, wi' evenen glow,
 Above our road, wer beamen red ;
 The grass in zwath wer in the meads,
 The water gleam'd among the reeds
 In air a-stealen roun' the hall,
 Where ivy clung upon the wall.
 Ah ! well-a-dae ! O wall adieu !
 The wall is wold, my grief is new.

An' there you walk'd wi' blushen pride,
 Where softly-wheelen streams did glide,
 Droo sheades o' poplars at my zide,
 An' there wi' love that still do live,
 Your feace did wear the smile o' youth,
 The while you spoke wi' age's truth.

An' wi' a rrosebud's mossy ball,
 I deck'd your bosom vrom the wall.
 Ah! well-a-dae! O wall adieu!
 The wall is wold, my grief is new.

But now when winter's rain do vall,
 An' wind do beat agean the hall,
 The while upon the wat'ry wall
 In spots o' grey the moss do grow ;
 The ruf noo mwore shall auverspread
 The pillor ov our weary head,
 Nor shall the rrose's mossy ball
 Behang vor you the house's wall.
 Ah! well-a-dae! O wall adieu!
 The wall is wold, my grief is new.



BLEAKE'S HOUSE IN BLACKMWORE.

John Bleake he had a bit o' groun'
 Come to en by his mother's zide ;
 An' a'ter that, two hunderd poun'
 His uncle left en when he died :

"Well now,"-cried John, "it is my bent
 To build a house, an' pay noo rent."
 An' Meary gie'd en her consent.
 "Do, do,"—the maidens cried.
 "True, true,"—his wife replied.
 "Done, done,—a house o' brick or stwone,"
 Cried merry Bleake o' Blackmwore.

Then John he call'd vor men o' skill,
 An' builders answer'd to his call ;
 An' met to reckon, each his bill ;
 Vor vloer an' windor, ruf an' wall.
 An' oone did mark it on the groun',
 An' oone did think, an' scratch his crown,
 An' reckon work, an' write it down :
 "Zoo, zoo,"—one treadsman cried,
 "True, true,"—oone mwore replied.
 "Aye, Aye,—good work, an' have good pay,"
 Cried merry Bleake o' Blackmwore.

The work begun, an' trowels rung,
 An' up the bricken wall did rise,
 An' up the slaenten refters sprung,
 Wi' busy blows, an' lusty cries :
 An' oone brought planks to meake a vloer,
 An' oone did come wi' durns an' door,
 An' oone did zaw, an' oone did bore.

"Brick, brick,—there down below.
 Quick, quick,—why b'ye so slow?"
 "Lime, lime,—why we do weaste the time,
 Vor merry Bleake o' Blackmwore."

The house wer built vrom groun' to tun,
 An' thatch'd agean the rainy sky,
 Wi' windors to the noondae zun,
 Where rushy Stour do wander by.
 In coo'se he had a pworch to screen
 The inside door, when win's wer keen,
 An' out avore the pworch, a green.
 "Here! here!"—the childern cried:
 "Dear! dear!"—the wife replied;
 "There, there,—the house is perty feair,"
 Cried merry Bleake o' Blackmwore.

Then John he ax'd his friends to warm
 His house, an' they, a goodish batch,
 Did come alwone, or earm in earm,
 Allways, a-meaken vor his hatch:
 An' there below the clavy beam
 The kittle-spout did zing an' steam;
 An' there wer ceakes, an' tea wi' cream.
 "Lo! lo!"—the women cried;
 "Ho! ho!"—the men replied;

"Health, health,—attend ye wi' your wealth,
Good merry Bleake o' Blackmwore."

Then John wer prais'd an' flung his crown,
All back a-laefen in a roar.

They prais'd his wife, an' she look'd down
A-simperen towards the vloor.

Then up they sprung a-dancen reels,
An' up went tooes, an' up went heels,
A-winden roun' in knots an' wheels.

"Brisk, brisk,"—the maidens cried ;

"Frisk, frisk,"—the men replied ;

"Quick, quick,—there wi' your fiddle-stick,"
Cried merry Bleake o' Blackmwore.

An' when the morrow's zun did sheen,
John Bleake beheld, wi' jay an' pride,
His bricken house, an' pworch, an' green,
Above the Stouer's rushy zide.

The zwallows left the lwonesome groves,
To build below the thatchen oves,
An' robins come vor crums o' lwoaves :

"Tweet, tweet,"—the birds all cried ;

"Sweet, sweet,"—John's wife replied ;

"Dad, dad,"—the childern cried so glad,
To merry Bleake o' Blackmwore.

JOHN BLEAKE AT HWOME AT NIGHT.

No: where the woak do auverspread,
 The grass begloom'd below his head,
 An' water, under bowen zedge,
 A-springen vrom the river's edge,
 Do ripple, as the win' do blow,
 An' sparkle, as the sky do glow ;
 An' grey-leav'd withy-boughs do cool,
 Wi' darksome sheades, the clear-feaced pool,
 My chimny smoke 'ithin the lew,
 O' trees is there arisen blue ;
 Avore the night do dim our zight,
 Or candle-light, a sheenen bright,
 Do sparkle droo the windor.

When crumpled leaves o' Fall do bound
 Avore the wind, along the ground,
 An' wither'd bennet-stems do stand
 A-quiv'ren on the chilly land ;
 The while the zun, wi' zetten rim,
 Do leave the workman's pathway dim ;
 An' sweet-breath'd childern's hangen heads
 Be laid wi' kisses, on their beds ;

Then I do seek my woodland nest,
 An' zit beside the vier at rest,
 While night 's a-spread, where day 's a-vled,
 An' lights do shed their beams o' red,
 A-sparklen droo the windor.

If winter's whistlen winds do vreeze
 The snow a-gather'd on the trees,
 An' sheades o' poplar-stems do vall
 In moonlight up athirt the wall ;
 An' icicles do hang below
 The oves, a-glitt'ren in a row,
 An' risen stars do slowly ride
 Above the ruf's upslanten zide ;
 Then I do lay my weary head
 Asleep upon my peaceful bed,
 When middle-night ha' quench'd the light
 Ov embers bright, an' candles white
 A-beamen droo the windor.

MILKEN TIME.

'Twer when the busy birds did vlee
 Wi' sheenen wings, from tree to tree,
 To build upon the mossy lim',
 Their hollor nestes' rounded rim ;
 The while the zun, a-zinken low,
 Did roll along his evenen bow, ●
 I come along where wide-horn'd cows
 'Ithin a nook, a-screen'd by boughs,
 Did stan' an' flip the white-hoop'd pails
 Wi' heairy tufts o' swingen tails ;
 An' there wer Jenny Coom a-gone
 Along the paeth a vew steps on,
 A-bearen on her head, upstraight,
 Her pail, wi' slowly-riden waight
 An' hoops a-sheenen, lily-white,
 Agean the evenen's slanten light ;
 An' zo I took her pail, an' left
 Her neck a-freed vrom all its heft ;
 An' she a-looken up an' down,
 Wi' sheaply head an' glossy crown,
 Then took my zide, an' kept my peace
 A-talken on wi' smilen feace,

An' zetten things in sich a light,
 I'd fain ha' hear'd her talk all night;
 An' when I brought her milk avore
 The geate, she took it in to door,
 An' if her pail had but allow'd
 Her head to vall, she would ha' bow'd,
 An' still, as 'twere, I had the zight
 Ov' her sweet smile, droughout the night.



WHEN BIRDS BE STILL.

Vor all the zun do leave the sky,
 An' all the sounds o' dae do die,
 An' noo mwore veet do walk the dim
 Vield paeth to clim' the stiel's bars,
 Yet out below the rizen stars,
 The dark'nen dae mid leave behind
 Oone tongue that I shall always yind,
 A-whisperen kind, when birds be still.

Zoo let the dae come on to spread
 His kindly light above my head,
 Wi' zights to zee, an' soun's to hear,
 That still do cheer my thoughtvul mind;

Or let en goo, an' leave behind
 An' hour to stroll along the gleades,
 Where night do drown the beeches' sheades,
 On grasses' bleades, when birds be still.

Vor when the night do lull the sound
 O' cows a-blearen out in ground,
 The shill-vaic'd dog do stan' an' bark .
 'Ithin the dark, bezide the road ;
 An' when noo cracklen waggon's lwoad
 Is in the leane, the wind do bring
 The merry peals that bells do ring
 O ding-dong-ding, when birds be still.

Zoo teake, vor me, the town a-drown'd
 'Ithin a storm o' rumblen sound,
 An' gi'e me vaices that do speak
 So soft an' meek, to souls alwone ;
 The water gurglen round a stwone,
 An' birds o' dae a-zingen clear,
 An' leaes, that I mid zit an' hear
 A-rustlen near, when birds be still.

RIDEN HWOME AT NIGHT.

Oh ! no, I quite injay'd the ride
 Behine wold Dobbin's heavy heels,
 Wi' Jeane a-prattlen at my zide,
 Above our pair o' spinnen wheels
 As grey-rin'd ashes' swayen tops
 Did creak in moonlight in the copse,
 Above the quiv'ren grass, a-beat
 By wind a-blown droo the geat.

If weary souls did want their sleep,
 They had a-zent vor sleep the night
 Vor vo'k that had a call to keep
 Awake, lik' us, there still wer light.
 An' He that shut the sleepers' eyes,
 A-waiten vor the zun to rise,
 Ha' too much love to let em know
 The ling'ren night did goo so slow.

But if my wife did catch a zight
 O' zome queer pollard, or a post,
 Poor soul ! she took en in her fright
 To be a robber or a ghost.

A two-stump'd withy, wi' a head,
 Mus' be a man wi' earms a-spread ;
 An' foam o' water, round a rock,
 Wer then a drownen leady's frock.

Zome staddle stwones to bear a mow,
 Wer daencen vearies on the lag ;
 An' then a snow-white sheeted cow
 Could only be, she thought, their flag,
 An owl a-vleen droo the wood
 Wer men on watch vor little good ;
 An' geates a-slam'd by win', did goo,
 She thought, to let a robber droo.

But a'ter all, she lik'd the zight
 O' cows asleep in glitt'ren dew ;
 An' brooks that gleam'd below the light,
 An' dim vield paeths 'ithout a shoe.
 An' gaily ta'k'd beside my ears,
 A-laeften off her needless fears ;
 Or had the childern uppermost
 In mind, instead o' thief or ghost.

An' when our house, wi' open door,
 Did rumble hollor round our heads,
 She heasten'd up to t'other vloor,
 To zee the childern in their beds ;

An' voun' oone little head awry,
 Wi' oone a-turn'd toward the sky;
 An' wrung her hands agean her breast,
 A-smilen at their happy rest.



ZUN-ZET.

Where the western zun, unclouded,
 Up above the grey hill-tops,
 Did sheen droo ashes, lofty sh'ouDED.
 On the turf beside the copse,
 In zummer weather,
 We together,
 Sorrow-sliten, work-vorgetten,
 Gambol'd wi' the zun a-zetten.

There, by flow'ry bows o' bramble,
 Under hedge, in ash-tree sheades,
 The dun-heair'd hoss did slowly ramble
 On the grasses' dewy bleades,
 Zet free o' lwoads,
 An' stwony rwoads,
 Vorgetvul o' the lashes fretten,
 Grazen wi' the zun a-zetten.

There wer rooks a-beaten by us
 Droo the air, in a vlock,
 An' there the lively blackbird, nigh us,
 On the meaple bough did rock,
 Wi' ringen droat,
 Where zunlight smote
 The yollor boughs o' zunny hedges
 Auver western hills' blue edges.

Waters, droo the meads a-purlen,
 Glissen'd in the evenen's light,
 An' smoke, above the town a-curlen,
 Melted slowly out o' zight;
 An' there, in glooms
 Ov unzunn'd rooms,
 To zome, wi' idle sorrows fretten,
 Zuns did set avore their zetten.

We were out in geames and reaces,
 Loud a-laeften, wild in me'th,
 Wi' windblown heair, an' zunbrown'd feaces,
 Leapen on the high-sky'd e'th,
 Avore the lights
 Were tin'd o' nights,
 An' while the gossamer's light netten
 Sparkl'd to the zun a-zetten.

SPRING.

Now the zunny air's a-blowen
 Softly auver flowers a-growen;
 An' the sparklen light do quiver
 On the ivy-bough an' river;
 Bleaten lambs, wi' woolly feaces,
 Now do play, a-runnen reaces;
 An' the springen
 Lark's a-zingen,
 Lik' a dot avore the cloud,
 High above the ashes' shoud.

Housen, in the open brightness,
 Now do sheen in spots o' whiteness;
 Here an' there, on upland ledges,
 In among the trees an' hedges,
 Where, along by vlocks o' sparrows,
 Chatt'ren at the ploughman's harrows,
 Dousty rwoaded,
 Errand-lwoaded;
 Jenny, though her cloak is thin,
 Do wish en hwome upon the pin.

Zoo come along, noo longer heedvul
 Ov the vier, leately needvul,
 Auver grass o' slopen leazes,
 Zingen zongs in zunny breazes ;
 Out to work in copse, a-mooten,
 Where the primrwose is a-shooten,
 An' in gladness,
 Free o' zadness,
 In the warmth o' spring vorget
 Leafless winter's cwold and wet.



THE ZUMMER HEDGE.

As light do gleare in ev'ry groun',
 Wi' boughy hedges out a-roun'
 A-climmen up the slopen brows
 O' hills, in rows o' sheady boughs :
 The while the hawthorn buds do blow
 As thick as stars, an' white as snow ;
 Or cream-white blossoms be a-spread
 About the guelder-rwoses' head ;
 How cool's the sheade, or warm's the lewth,
 Beside a zummer hedge in blooth.

When we've a-work'd droo longsome hours,
 Till dew's a-dried vrom dazzen flow'rs,
 The while the climmen zun ha' glow'd
 Droo mwore than haef his daely road :
 Then where the sheades do slily pass
 Athirt our veet upon the grass,
 As we do rest by lofty ranks
 Ov elms on the flowr'y banks ;
 How cool's the sheade, or warm's the lewth,
 Bezide a zummer hedge in blooth.

But oh ! below oone hedge's zide
 Our jay do come a-most to pride ;
 Out where the high-stemm'd trees do stand,
 In row bezide our own free land,
 An' where the wide-leav'd clote mid zwim
 'Ithin our water's rushy rim :
 An' rain do vall, an' zuns do burn,
 An' each in season, and in turn,
 To cool the sheade or warm the lewth
 Ov our own zummer hedge in blooth.

How soft do sheake the zummer hedge—
 How soft do sway the zummer zedge—
 How bright be zummer skies an' zuu—
 How bright the zummer brook do run ;

An' feair the flow'rs do bloom to feade
 Behine the swayen mower's bleade ;
 An' sweet be merry looks o' jay
 By weales an' pooks o' June's new hay,
 Wi' smilen age, an' laefen youth,
 Bezide the zummer hedge in blooth.



THE WATER CROWVOOT.

O small-feaced flow'r that now dost bloom
 To stud wi' white the shallor Frome,
 An' leave the clote to spread his flow'r
 On darksome pools o' stwoneless Stour,
 When sof'ly-rizen airs do cool
 The water in the sheneen pool,
 Thy beds o' snow-white buds do gleam
 So feair upon the sky-blue stream,
 As whitest clouds, a-hangen high
 Avore the blueness o' the sky ;
 An' there, at hand, the thin-heair'd cows,
 In airy sheades o' withy boughs,
 Or up bezide the mossy rails,
 Do stan' an' zwing their heavy tails,

The while the ripplen stream do flow
 Below the dousty brudge's bow ;
 An' quiv'ren water-gleams do mock
 The weaves, upon the sheaded rock ;
 An' up athirt the copen stwone
 The laitren bwoy do lean alwone,
 A-watchen, wi' a stedvast look,
 The vallen waters in the brook,
 The while the zand o' time do run
 An' leave his errand still undone.
 An' oh ! as long's thy buds would gleam
 Above the softly-sliden stream,
 While sparklen zummer-brooks do run
 Below the lofty-climen zun,
 I only wish that thou could'st stay
 Vor noo man's harm, an' all men's jay.
 But no, the waterman 'ull weade
 Thy water wi' his deadly bleade,
 To slay thee even in thy bloom,
 Fair small-feaced flower o' the Frome.

THE LILAC.

Dear lilac-tree a-spreaden wide
 Thy purple blooth on ev'ry zide,
 As if the hollor sky did shed
 Its blue upon thy flow'ry head ;
 Oh ! whether I mid sheare wi' thee
 Thy open air, my bloomen tree,
 Or zee thy blossoms vrom the gloom
 'Ithin my zunless worken-room,
 My heart do leap, but leap wi' sighs,
 At zight o' thee avore my eyes,
 For when thy greyblue head do sway
 In cloudless light, 'tis Spring, 'tis May.

'Tis Spring, 'tis May, as May oonce shed
 His glowen light above thy head—
 When thy green boughs, wi' bloomy tips,
 Did sheade my childern's laefen lips ;
 A-screenen vrom the noondae gleare
 Their rwozy cheeks an' glossy hair ;
 The while their mother's needle sped,
 Too quick vor zight, the snow-white thread,
 Unless her han', wi' loven ceare,
 Did smoothe their little heads o' hair ;

Or wi' a sheake, tie up anew
 Vor zome wild voot, a slippen shoe ;
 An' I did lean beside thy mound
 Agean the deasy-dappled ground,
 The while the woaken clock did tick
 My hour o' rest away too quick,
 An' call me off to work anew,
 Wi' slowly-ringen strokes, oone, two.

Zoo let me zee noo darksome cloud
 Bedim to-dae thy flow'ry shoud,
 But let en bloom on ev'ry spray,
 Droo all the daes o' zunny May.

THE BLACKBIRD.

'Twer out at Penly I 'd a-past
 A zummer dae that went too vast,
 An' when the zetten zun did spread
 On western clouds a vi'ry red ;
 The elems' leafy limbs wer' still
 Above the gravel-bedded rill,
 An' under it did warble shill,
 Avore the dusk, the blackbird.

An' there in sheades o' darksome yews
 Did vlee the maidens on their tooes,
 A-laefen shill wi' merry feace
 When we did vind their hiden pleace,
 'Ithin the loose-bough'd ivy's gloom,
 Or lofty lilac vull in bloom,
 Or hazzle-wrides that gi'ed em room
 Below the zingen blackbird.

Above our heads the rooks did vlee
 To reach their nested elem-tree,
 An' splashen vishes rose to catch
 The wheelen gnots above the hatch;
 An' there the miller went along,
 A-smilen, up the sheady drong,
 But eet too deaf to hear the zong
 A-zung us by the blackbird.

An' there the shilly-bubblen brook
 Did leave behind his rocky nook,
 To run droo meads a-chill'd wi' dew,
 Vrom hour to hour the whole night droo;
 But still his murmurs wer' a-drown'd,
 By vaices that mid never sound
 Agean together on that ground,
 Wi' whislens o' the blackbird.

THE SLANTEN LIGHT O' FALL.

Ah! Jeane, my maid, I stood to you,
 When you wer' cristen'd, small an' light,
 Wi' tiny earms o' red an' blue,
 A-hangen in your robe o' white.
 We brought ye to the hallow'd stwone,
 Vor Christ to teake ye vor his own,
 When harvest work wer' all a-done,
 An' time brought round October zun—
 The slanten light o' Fall.

An' I can mind the wind wer' rough,
 An' gather'd clouds, but brought noo storms,
 An' you wer' nessled warm enough,
 'Ithin your smilen mother's earms.
 The whindlen grass did quiver light,
 Among the stubble, feaded white,
 An' if at times the zun-light broke
 Upon the groun', or on the vo'k,
 'Twer' slanten light o' Fall.

An' when we brought ye droo the door
 O' Knapton Church, a child o' greace,
 There cluster'd roun' a'most a score
 O' vo'k to zee your tiny feace.

An' there we all did veel so proud,
 To zee an op'nen in the cloud,
 An' then a stream o' light break droo,
 A-sheenen brightly down on you—
 The slanten light o' Fall.

But now your time 's a-come to stan'
 In church a-blushen at my zide,
 The while a bridegroom vrom my han'
 Ha' took ye vor his faithvul bride.
 Your christen neame we gi'd ye here,
 When Fall did cool the weasten year;
 An' now, agean, we brought ye droo
 The doorway, wi' your surneame new,
 In slanten light o' Fall.

An' zoo vur, Jeane, your life is feair,
 An' God ha' been your steadvast friend,
 An' mid ye have mwore jay than ceare,
 Vor ever, till your journey's end.
 An' I've a-watch'd ye on wi' pride,
 But now I soon mus' leave your zide,
 Vor you ha' still life's spring-tide zun,
 But my life, Jeane, is now a-run
 To slanten light o' Fall.

THISSLEDOWN.

The thissledown by winds a-roll'd
 In Fall along the zunny plain,
 Did catch the grass, but lose its hold,
 Or cling to bennits, but in vain.

But when it zwept along the grass,
 An' zunk below the hollor's edge,
 It lay at rest while winds did pass
 Above the pit-bescreenen ledge.

The plain ha' brightness wi' his strife,
 The pit is only dark at best,
 There's pleasure in a worksome life,
 An' sloth is tiresome wi' its rest.

Zoo, then, I 'd sooner bear my peart,
 Ov all the trials vo'k do rue,
 Than have a deadness o' the heart,
 Wi' nothen left to veel or do.

LYDLINCH BELLS.

When skies wer' peale wi' twinklen stars,
 An' whislen air wer' risen keen ;
 An' birds had left the icy bars
 To vind, in woods, their mossy screen ;
 When vrozen grass, as white 's a sheet,
 Did scrunchy sharp below our veet,
 An' water, that did sparkle red
 At zunzet, wer' a-vrozen dead ;
 The ringers then did spend an hour
 A-ringen changes up in tow'r ;
 Vor Lydlinch bells be good vor sound,
 An' liked by all the neighbours round.

An' while along the leafless boughs
 O' ruslen hedges win's did pass,
 And orts ov hay, a-left by cows,
 Did russle on the vrozen grass,
 An' maidens' pails, wi' all their work
 A-done, did hang upon their vurk,
 An' they, avore the fleamen brand,
 Did teake their needle-work in hand,

The men did cheer their hearts an hour
 A-ringen changes up in tow'r ;
 Vor Lydlinch bells be good vor sound,
 An' liked by all the naighbours round.

There sons did pull the bells that rung
 Their mothers' wedden peals avore,
 The while their faethers led 'em young
 An' blushen vrom the churches door,
 An' still did cheem, wi' happy sound,
 As time did bring the Zundays round,
 An' call em to the holy pleace
 Vor heav'nly gifts o' peace an' greace ;
 An' vo'k did come, a-streamen slow
 Along below the trees in row,
 While they, in merry peals, did sound
 The bells vor all the naighbours round.

An' when the bells, wi' changen peal,
 Did smite their own vo'k's windor-peanes,
 Their sofen'd sound did often steal
 Wi' west winds droo the Bagber leanes ;
 Or, as the win' did shift, mid goo
 Where woody Stock do nessle lew,
 Or where the risen moon did light
 The walls o' Thornhill on the height ;

An' zoo, whatever time mid bring
 To meake their vive clear vaices zing,
 Still Lydlinch bells wer' good vor sound,
 An' liked by all the naighbours round.



THE STAGE COACH.

Ah ! when the wold vo'k went abroad
 They thought it vast enough,
 If vow'r good hosses beat the road
 Avore the coach's ruf;
 An' there they zot,
 A-cwold or hot,
 An' roll'd along the ground,
 While the whip did smack
 On the hosses' back,
 An' the wheels went swiftly round, Good so's ;
 The wheels went swiftly round.

Noo iron rails did streak the land
 To keep the wheels in track.
 The coachman turn'd his vow'r-in-hand,
 Out right, or left, an' back ;

An' 'e stopt afore
 A man's own door,
 To teake en up or down :
 While the reins vell slack,
 On the hosses' back,
 Till the wheels did rattle roun' agean ;
 Till the wheels did rattle roun'.

An' there, when wintry win' did blow,
 Athirt the plain an' hill,
 An' the zun wer' peale above the snow,
 An' ice did stop the mill,
 They did laef an' joke
 Wi' cwoat or cloke,
 So warmly roun' em bound,
 While the whip did crack
 On the hosses' back,
 An' the wheels roll'd swiftly round, d' ye know ;
 The wheels went swiftly round.

An' when the rumblen coach did pass
 Where hufflen winds did roar,
 They stopp'd to teake a warmen glass
 By the sign above the door ;
 An' did laef an' joke.
 An' ax the vo'k

The miles they wer' vrom town,
 Till the whip did crack
 On the hosses' back,
 An' the wheels roll'd swiftly roun', good vo'k;
 The wheels roll'd swiftly roun'.

An' gaily rod wold age or youth,
 When zummer light did vall
 On woods in leaf, or trees in blooth,
 Or girt vo'k's parkside wall.
 An' they thought they past
 The pleaces vast,
 Along the dousty groun',
 When the whip did smack
 On the hosses' back,
 An' the wheels spun swiftly roun'. Them days
 The wheels spun swiftly roun'.

WAYFEAREN.

The sky wer' clear, the zunsheen glow'd
 On droopen flowers droo the day,
 As I did beat the dowsty road
 Vrom hinder hills, a-feaden gray;

Droo hollors up the hills,
 Vrom knaps along by mills,
 Vrom mills by churches tow'rs, wi' bells
 That twold the hours to woody dells.

An' when the winden road do guide
 The thirsty vootman where mid flow
 The water vrom a rock beside
 His vootsteps, in a sheenen bow ;
 The hand a-hollor'd up
 Do beat a-goolden cup,
 To catch an' drink it, bright an' cool,
 A-vallen light 'ithin the pool.

Zoo when, at laest, I hung my head
 Wi' thirsty lips a-burnen dry,
 I come beside a river-bed
 Where water flow'd so blue 's the sky ;
 An' there I meade me up
 O' coltsvoot leaf a cup,
 Where water from his lip o' gray,
 Wer' sweet to sip thik burnen day.

But when our work is right, a jay
 Do come to bless us in its train,
 An' hardships ha' zome good to pay
 The thoughtvul soul vor all their pain :

The het do sweeten sheade,
 An' weary lims' ha' meade
 A bed o' slumber, still an' sound,
 By woody hill or grassy mound.

An' while I zot in sweet delay
 Below an' elem on a hill,
 Where boughs a-haefway up did sway
 In sheades o' lim's above em still,
 An' blue sky show'd between
 The flutt'ren leaves o' green ;
 I wouden gi'e that gloom an' sheade
 Vor any room that wealth ha' meade.

But oh ! that vo'k that have the roads
 Where weary-vooted souls do pass,
 Would leave beside the stwone vor lwoads,
 A little strip vor zummer grass ;
 That when the stwones do bruise
 An' burn' an' gall our tooes,
 We then mid cool our veet on beds
 O' wild-thyme sweet, or deasy heads.

THE LEANE.

They do zae that a travellen chap
 Have a-put in the newspeaper now,
 That the bit o' green ground on the knap
 Should be all a-took in vor the plough.
 He do fancy 'tis easy to show
 That we can be but stunpolls at best,
 Vor to leave a green spot where a flower can grow,
 Or a voot-weary walker mid rest.
 'Tis hedge-grubben, Thomas, an' ledge-grubben,
 Never a-done
 While a sov'ren mwore 's to be won.

The road, 'e do zae, is so wide
 As 'tis wanted vor travellers' wheels,
 As if all that did travel did ride,
 An' did never get galls on their heels.
 He would leave sich a thin strip o' groun',
 That, if a man's veet in his shoes
 Wer a-burnen an' zore, why 'e cooden zit down
 But the wheels would run auver his tooes.
 Vor 'tis meuke money, Thomas, an' teake money,
 What's zwold an' bought
 Is all that is worthy o' thought.

Years agoo the leane-zides did bear grass,
 Vor to pull wi' the geeses' red bills,
 That did hiss at the vo'k that did pass,
 Or the bwoys that pick'd up their white quills.
 But shortly, if vower or vive
 Ov our goslens do creep from the agg,
 They must mwope in the gearden, mwore dead than alive,
 In a coop, or a-tied by the lag.
 Vor to catch at land, Thomas, an' snatch at land,
 Now is the plan ;
 Meake money wherever you can.

The childern wull soon have noo pleace
 Vor to play in, an' if they do grow,
 They wull have a thin musherroom feace,
 Wi' their bodies so sumple as dough.
 But a man is a-meade ov a child,
 An' his limbs do grow worksome by play ;
 An' if the young child's little body 's a-spwil'd,
 Why, the man's wull the sooner decay.
 But wealth is wo'th now mwore than health is wo'th ;
 Let it all goo,
 If't 'ull bring but a sov'ren or two.

Vor to breed the young fox or the heare,
 We can gi'e up whole eacres o' ground,
 But the greens be a-grudg'd, vor to rear
 Our young childern up healthy an' sound,
 Why, ther' woont be a-left the next age
 A green spot where their veet can goo free ;
 An' the goocoe wull soon be committed to cage
 Vor a trespass in zomebody's tree.
 Vor 'tis locken up, Thomas, an' blocken up,
 Stranger or brother,
 Men mussen come nigh oone another.

Oone day I went in at a geate,
 Wi' my chile, where an echo did sound,
 An' the owner come up an' did reate
 Me as if I would car off his ground.
 But his vield an' the grass wer' a-let,
 An' the damage that he could a-took
 Wer' at mwest that the while I did open the geate
 I did rub roun' the eye on the hook.
 But 'tis dreven out, Thomas, an' heven out.
 Trample noo grounds,
 Unless you be a'ter the hounds.

Ah, the Squier o' Culver-dell Hall

Wer' as diff'rent as light is vrom dark,
 With zome vo'k that, as evenen did vall,
 Had a-broke droo long grass in his park ;
 Vor he went, wi' a smile, vor to meet

Wi' the trespassers while they did pass,
 An 'e zaid, " I do fear you'll catch cwold in your veet,
 You 've a-walk'd droo so much o' my grass."
 His mild words, Thomas, cut 'em lik' swords, Thomas,
 Newly a-whet,
 An' went vurder wi' them than a dret.

THE RAILROAD.

I took a flight, awhile agoo,
 Along the rails a stage or two,
 An' while the heavy wheels did spin
 An' rattle, wi' a deafnen din,
 In clouds o' steam, the zweepen train
 Did shoot along the hill-bound plain,
 As sheades o' birds in flight, do pass
 Below em on the zunny grass.
 An' as I zot, and look'd abroad
 On leanen land an' winden road,

The ground a-spread along our flight
 Vled streamen backward out o' zight ;
 The while the zun, our heav'nly guide,
 Seem'd riden wi' us, zide by zide.
 An' zoo, while time, vrom stage to stage,
 Do car us on vrom youth to age,
 The e'thly pleasures we do vind
 Be soon a-met, an' left behind ;
 But God, beholden vrom above
 Our lowly road, wi' yearnen love,
 Do keep bezide us, stage by stage,
 Vrom be'th to youth, vrom youth to age.

THE RAILROAD.

An' while I went 'ithin a train,
 A-riden on athirt the plain,
 A-clearen swifter than a hound,
 On twin-laid rails, the zwimmen ground ;
 I cast my eyes 'ithin a park,
 Upon a woak wi' grey-white bark,
 An' while I kept his head my mark,
 The rest seem'd wheelen round en.

An' when in life our love do cling
 The clwosest round zome single thing,
 We then do vind that all the rest
 Do wheel roun' that, vor vu'st an' best;
 Zoo while our life do laeste, mid nought
 But what is good an' feair be sought,
 In word or deed, or heart or thought,
 An' all the rest wheel round it.



SEATS.

When starbright maidens be to zit
 In silken frocks, that they do wear,
 The room mid have, as 'tis but fit,
 A han'some seat vor vo'k so feair;
 But we, in zundried vield an' wood,
 Ha' seats as good's a goolden chair.

Vor here, 'ithin the woody drong,
 A ribbed elem-stem do lie,
 A-vell'd in spring, an' stratch'd along
 A bed o' greygles up knee-high,
 A sheady seat to rest, an' let
 The burnen het o' noon goo by.

Or if you'd look, wi' wider scope,
 Out where the gray-tree'd plain de-spread,
 The ash beside the zunny slope,
 Do sheade a cool-air'd deaisy bed,
 An' grassy seat, wi' spreaden eaves
 O' rus'len leaves, above your head.

An' there the train mid come in zight,
 Too vur to hear a-rolen by,
 A-breathe quick, in heasty flight,
 His breath o' twile, avore the sky,
 The while the waggon, wi' his lwoad,
 Do crawl the rwoad a-winden nigh.

Or now thease happy holidaye
 Do let vo'k rest their weary lim's,
 An' lwoaded hay's a-hangen grae,
 Above the waggon-wheels' dry rims,
 The mead ha' seats in weales or pooks,
 By winden brooks, wi' crumblen brims.

Or, if you'd gi'e your thoughtvul mind
 . To yonder long-vorseaken hall,
 Then teake a stwonen seat behind
 The ivy on the broken wall,
 An' larn how e'thly wealth an' might
 Mid clim' their height, an' then mid vall.

SOUND O' WATER.

I born in town ! oh, no, my dawn
 O' life vu'st broke bezide thease lawn ;
 Not where pent air do roll along,
 In darkness droo the wall-bound drong,
 An' never bring the goo-coo's zong,
 Nor sweets o' blossoms in the hedge,
 Or benden rush, or sheenen zedge,
 Or sounds o' flowen water.

The air that I 've a-breath'd did sheake
 The draps o' rain upon the breake,
 An' bore aloft the swingen lark,
 An' huffl'd roun' the clem's bark,
 In boughy grove, an' woody park,
 An' bro't us down the dewy dells,
 The high-wound zongs o' nightingales,
 An' sounds o' flowen water.

An' when the zun wi' vi'ry rim,
 'S a-zinken low, an' wearen dim,
 Here I, a-most too tired to stand,
 Do leave my work that's under hand

In paethless wood, or open land,
 To rest 'ithin my thatchen oves,
 Wi' ruslen win's in leafy groves,
 An' sounds o' flowen water.



TREES BE COMPANY.

When zummer's burnen het 's a-shed
 Upon the droopen grasses head,
 A-dreven under sheady leaves
 The workvo'k in their snow-white sleeves,
 We then mid yearn to clim' the height,
 Where thorns be white, above the vern ;
 An' air do turn the zunsheen's might
 To softer light too weak to burn—
 On woodless downs we mid be free,
 But lowland trees be company.

Though downs mid show a wider view
 O' green a-reachen into blue
 Than roads a-winden in the glen,
 An' ringen wi' the sounds o' men ;
 The thistle's crown o' red an' blue
 In Fall's cwold dew do wither brown,

An' larks come down 'ithin the lew,
 As storms do brew, an' skies do frown—
 And though the down do let us free,
 The lowland trees be company.

Where birds do zing, below the zun,
 In trees above the blue-smok'd tun,
 An' sheades o' stems do auverstratch
 The mossy paeth 'ithin the hatch ;
 If leaves be bright up auver head,
 When May do shed its glitt'ren light ;
 Or, in the blight o' Fall, do spread
 A yollor bed avore our zight—
 Whatever season it mid be,
 The trees be always company.

When dusky night do nearly hide
 The paeth along the hedge's zide,
 An' daelight's hwomely sounds be still
 But sounds o' water at the mill ;
 Then if noo feace we long'd to greet
 Could come to meet our lwonesome treace ;
 Or if noo peace o' weary veet,
 However fleet, could reach its please—
 However lwonesome we mid be,
 The trees would still be company.

A PLEACE IN ZIGHT.

As I at work do look aroun'
 Upon the groun' I have in view,
 To yonder hills that still do rise
 Avore the skies, wi' backs o' blue ;
 'Ithin the rudges that do vall
 An' rise roun' Blackmwore lik' a wall,
 'Tis yonder knap do teake my zight
 Vrom dawn till night, the mwost of all.

An' there, in May, 'ithin the lewth
 O' boughs in blooth, be sheady walks,
 An' cowslips up in yollor beds
 Do hang their heads on downy stalks ;
 An' if the weather should be feair
 When I've a holiday to speare,
 I'll teake the chance o' gotten droo
 An hour or two wi' zome vo'k there.

An' there I now can dimly zee
 The elem-tree upon the mound,
 An' there meake out the high-bough'd grove
 An' narrow drove by Redcliff ground ;

An' there by trees a-risen tall,
 The glowen zunlight now do vall,
 Wi' shortest sheades o' middle dae,
 Upon the grae wold house's wall.

An' I can zee avore the sky
 A-risen high the churches speer,
 Wi' bells that I do goo to swing,
 An' like to ring, an' like to hear;
 An' if I've luck upon my zide,
 They bells shall sound both loud an' wide,
 A peal above they slopes o' grae,
 Zome merry dae wi' Jeane a bride.



GWAIN TO BROOKWELL.

At Easter, though the wind wer' high,
 We vound we had a zunny sky,
 An' zoo wold Dobbin had to trudge,
 His dowsty road by knap an' brudge,
 An' jog, wi' hangen vetterlocks
 A-sheaken roun' his heavy hocks,
 An' we, a lwoad not much too small,
 A-riden out to Brookwell Hall:

An' there in dowst vrom Dobbin's heels,
 An' green light-waggon's vower wheels,
 Our merry laefs did loudly sound,
 In rollen winds athirt the ground ;
 While sheenen-ribbons' color'd streaks
 Did flutter roun' the maidens' cheeks,
 As they did zit, wi' smilen lips,
 A-reachen out their vinger-tips
 Toward zome teaken pleace or zight
 That they did shew us, left or right ;
 An' oonce, when Jimmy tried to pleace
 A kiss on cousin Polly's feace,
 She push'd his hat, wi' wicked leers,
 Right off above his two red ears,
 An' there 'e roll'd along the groun'
 Wi' spreaden brim an' rounded crown,
 An' voun', at laeste, a cowpon's brim,
 An' launch'd hizzelf, to teake a zwim ;
 An' there, as Jim did run to catch
 His neaked noddle's bit o' thatch,
 To zee his strainens and his strides,
 We laef'd enough to split our zides.
 At Harwood Farm we pass'd the land
 That our gert-granfer had in hand,
 An' there, in open light did spread,
 The very groun's his cows did tread,

An' there above the stwonen tun
 Avore the dazzlen mornen zun,
 Wer' still the rollen smoke, the breath
 A-breath'd vrom his wold house's he'th;
 An' there did lie below the door,
 The drashol' that his vootsteps wore;
 But there his meate an' he bwoth died,
 Wi' hand in hand, an' zide by zide;
 Between the seame two peals a-rung,
 Two Zundays, though they wer' but young,
 An' laid in sleep, their worksome hands,
 At rest vrom twile wi' house or lands.
 Then vower childern laid their heads
 At night upon their little beds,
 An' never rose agean below
 A mother's love, or faether's ho:
 Dree little maidens, small in feace,
 An' oone small bwoy, the fourth in pleace.
 Zoo when their heedvul faether died,
 He call'd his brother to his zide,
 To meake en stand, in hiz own stead,
 His childern's guide, when he wer' dead;
 But still avore zix years bro't round
 The woodland goo-coo's zummer sound,
 He weasted all their little store,
 An' hardship drove em out o' door,

To twile till twilesome life should end,
 'Ithout a single e'thly friend.
 But soon wi' Harwood back behind,
 An' out o' zight and out o' mind,
 We went a-rottlen on, and meade
 Our way along to Brookweel Sleade ;
 An' then we vound ourselves draw nigh
 The Leady's Tow'r that rose on high,
 An' seem'd a-comen on to meet,
 Wi' growen height, wold Dobbin's veet.



BROOKWELL.

Well, I do zae 'tis wo'th oone's while
 To beat the doust a good six mile
 To zee the pleace the squier plann'd
 At Brookwell, now a-meade by hand ;
 Wi' open lawn, an' grove, an' pon',
 An' gravel-walks as clean as bron ;
 An' grass amost so soft to tread
 As velvet-pile o' silken dred ;
 An' mounds wi' mæsh, an' rocks wi' flow'rs,
 An' ivy-sheaded zummer bow'rs,

An' water dribblen on below
 The stwonen arches lofty bow.
 An' there do sound the waterfall
 Below a cavern's mæshy wall,
 Where peale-green light do struggle down
 A leafy crevice at the crown.
 An' there do gush the foamy bow
 O' water, white as driven snow ;
 An' there, a zitten all alwone,
 A little maid o' marble stwone
 Do lean her little cheak azide
 Upon her lily han', an' bide
 Beside the vallen stream to zee
 Her pitcher vill'd avore her knee.
 An' then the brook, a-rollen dark
 Below a leanen yew-tree's bark,
 Wi' playsome ripples that do run
 A-flashen to the western zun,
 Do shoot, at laeste, wi' foamy shocks,
 Athirt a ledge o' craggy rocks,
 A-casten in his heasty flight,
 Upon the stwones a robe o' white ;
 An' then agean do goo an' vall
 Below a brudge's arched wall
 Where vo'k agwain athirt do pass
 Vow'r little bwoys a-cast in brass ;

An' oone do hold his angler's wand,
 Wi' steady hand, above the pond ;
 An' oore, a-pweinten to the stream
 His little vinger-tip, do seem
 A-showen to his playmeates' eyes,
 Where he do zee the vishes rise ;
 An' oone agean, wi' smilen lips,
 Do put a vish his han' do clips
 'Ithin a little basket, tied
 About his shoulder at his zide :
 An' a'ter that the fourth do stand
 A-holden back his pretty hand,
 Behind his little ear, to drow
 A stwone upon the stream below.
 An' then the housen, that be all
 Sich pretty hwomes, vrom girt to small,
 A-looken south, do cluster round
 A zunny ledge o' risen ground,
 Avore a wood, a-nestled warm,
 In lewth agean the northern storm,
 Where smoke, a-wreathen blue, do spread
 Above the tuns o' dusky red,
 An' windor-peanes do glitter bright
 Wi' burnen streams o' zummer light,
 Below the vine a-train'd to hem
 Their zides 'ithin his leafy stem,

An' wrangle on, wi' flutt'ren leaves,
 Below the houses' thatchen eaves.
 An' droo a layn a-spread avore
 The windors, an' the pworched door,
 A paeth do wind 'ithin a hatch,
 A-vasten'd wi' a clicken latch,
 An' there up auver ruff an' tun,
 Do stan' the smooth-wall'd church o' stwone,
 Wi' carved windors reachen tall
 An' slender up the lofty wall;
 An' battlements, a stannen round
 The tower, ninety veet vrom ground,
 Vrom where a teap'ren speer do spring
 As high 's the mornen lark do zing.
 Zoo I do zae 'tis wo'th oone's while
 To beat the doust a good six mile,
 To zee the pleace the squier plann'd
 At Brookwell, now a-meade by hand.

THE SHY MAN.

Ah, good Measter Gwillet, that you mid a-know'd,
 Wer' a-bred up at Coom, an' went little abroad;
 An' if 'e got in among strangers, 'e velt
 His poor heart in a twitter, an' ready to melt;

Or if, by ill luck, in his rambles, 'e met
 Wi' zome maidens a-tittren, 'e burn'd wi' a het,
 That shot all droo the lim's o'n, an' left a cwold zweet.
 The poor little chap wer' so shy,
 He wer' ready to drap, an' to die.

But at laest 'twer the lot o' the poor litile man,
 To vall deeply in love, as the best ov us can ;
 An' 'twer' noo easy task vor a shy man to tell,
 Sich a dazzlen feair maid that 'e lov'd her so well ;
 An' oone dae when 'e met her, his knees nearly smote
 Oone anothor, an' then wi' a struggle he brote
 A vew words to his tongue, wi' some mwore in his droat.
 But she, 'ithout doubt, could zoon vind,
 Vrom two words that come out, zix behind.

Zoo at langth, when 'e vound her so smilen an' kind,
 Why 'e wrote her zome lains, vor to tell her his mind,
 Though' twer' then a hard task vor a man that wer'
 shy,
 To be married in church, wi' a crowd stannen by.
 But 'e twold her oone dae, "I have houses an' lands,
 We could marry by licence, if you don't like banns,"
 An' 'e cover'd his eyes up, wi' oone ov his han's,
 Vor his head seem'd to zwim as he spoke,
 An' the air look'd so dim as a smoke.

Well! 'e vound a good naighbour to goo in his please
 Vor to buy the goold ring, vor he hadden the feace.
 An' when 'e went up vor to put in the banns,
 'E did sheake in his lags, an' did sheake in his han's.
 Then they ax'd vor her neame, an' her parish or town,
 An' 'e gied em a leaf, wi' her neame a-wrote down;
 Vor 'e cooden a-twold em outright, vor a poun'.

Vor his tongue wer' so weak an' so loose,
 When 'e wanted to speak 'twer' noo use.

Zoo they went to be married, an' when they got there,
 All the vo'k wer' a-gather'd as if 'twer' a fear,
 An' 'e thought; though his please mid be pleasant to
 zome,

He cood all but ha' wish'd that he hadden a-come.
 The bride wer' a-smilen as fresh as a rwose,
 An' when 'e come wi' her, an' show'd his poor nose,
 All the little bwoys shouted, an' cried "There 'e goes,"
 "There 'e goes." Oh! vor his peart 'e velt
 As if the poor heart o'n would melt.

An' when they stood up by the chancel together,
 Oh! a man mid ha' knock'd en' right down wi' a veather,
 'E did veel zoo asheam'd that 'e thought 'e would rather
 He werden the bridegroom, but only the father.
 But, though 'tis so funny to zee en so shy,

Eet his mind is so lowly, his aims be so high,
 That to do a mean deed, or to tell oone a lie,
 You'd vind that he'd shun mwore by haef,
 Than to stan' vor vo'ks fun, or their laef.



THE WINTER'S WILLOW.

There Liddy zot beside her cow,
 Upon her lowly seat, O ;
 A hood did auverhang her brow,
 Her pail wer' at her veet, O ;
 An' she wer' kind, an' she wer' feair,
 An' she wer' young, an' free o' ceare ;
 Vew winters had a-blown her heair,
 Bezide the Winter's Willow.

She werden rear'd 'ithin the town,
 Where many a gayer lass, O,
 Do trip a-smilen up an' down,
 So peale wi' smoke an' gas, O ;
 But here, in vields o' greazen herds,
 Her vaice ha' mingled sweetest words
 Wi' evenen charms o' busy birds,
 Bezide the Winter's Willow.

An' when, at laste, wi' beaten breast,
 I knock'd avore her door, O,
 She ax'd me in to teake the best
 O' pleaces on the vloor, O ;
 An' smilen feair avore my zight,
 She blush'd beside the yollor light
 O' bleazen bran's, while winds o' night
 Did sheake the Winter's Willow.

An' if there 's readship in her smile,
 She don't begrudge to speare, O,
 To zomebody, a little while,
 The empty woaken chair, O ;
 An' if I 've luck upon my zide,
 Why, I do think she 'll be my bride
 Avore the leaves ha' twice a-died
 Upon the Winter's Willow.

Above the coach-wheels' rollen rims
 She never rose to ride, O,
 Though she do zet her comely lim's
 Above the mare's white zide, O ;
 But don't become too proud to stoop
 An' scrub her milken-pail's white hoop,
 Or zit a-milken where do droop,
 The wet-stemm'd Winter's Willow.

An' I've a cow or two in leaze,
 Along the river-zide, O,
 An' pails to zet avore her knees,
 At dawn, and evenen tide, O ;
 An' there she still mid zit, an' look
 Athirt upon the woody nook
 Where vu'st I zeed her by the brook,
 Bezide the Winter's Willow.

Zoo, who would heed the treeless down,
 A-beat by all the storms, O,
 Or who would heed the busy town,
 Where vo'k do goo in zwarms, O,
 If he wer' in my house below
 The elems, where the vire did glow
 In Liddy's feace, though winds did blow
 Agean the Winter's Willow.

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### I KNOW WHO.

Aye, aye, vull rathe the zun mus' rise  
 To meake us tired o' zunny skies  
 A-sheenen on the whole day droo,  
 From mornen's dawn till evenen's dew.  
 When trees be brown an' meads be green,  
 An' skies be blue, an' streams do sheen,

An' thin-edg'd clouds be snowy white  
 Above the bluest hills in zight ;  
 But I can let the daylight goo,  
 When I 've a-met wi'—I know who.

In spring I met her by a bed  
 O' laurels higher than her head ;  
 The while a rrose hung white between  
 Her blushes an' the laurel's green ;  
 An' then in fall, I went along  
 The row of elems in the drong,  
 An' heard her zing beside the cows,  
 By yollor leaves o' meaple boughs ;  
 But fall or spring is feair to view  
 When day do bring me—I know who.

An' when, wi' winter comen roun',  
 The purple heath's a-feaden brown,  
 An' hangen vern's a-sheaken dead,  
 Beside the hill's besheaded head ;  
 An' black-wing'd rooks do glitter bright  
 Above my head, in pealer light ;  
 Then though the birds do still the glee  
 That sounded in the zummer tree,  
 My heart is light the winter droo,  
 In me'th at night, wi' I know who.

## JESSIE LEE.

Above the the timber's benden shouds,  
     The western wind did softly blow ;  
 An' up above the knap, the clouds  
     Did ride as white as driven snow.  
 Vrom west to east the clouds did zwim,  
 Wi' wind that plied the elem's lim' ;  
 Vrom west to east the stream did glide,  
 A-sheenen wide, wi' winden brim.

How feair, I thought, avore the sky  
     The slowly-zwimmen clouds do look ;  
 How soft the win's a-streamen by ;  
     How bright do roll the weavy brook :  
 When there, a-passen on my right,  
 A-walken slow, an' treadden light,  
 Young Jessie Lee come by, an' there  
 Took all my ceare, an' all my zight.

Vor lovely wer' the looks her feace  
     Held up avore the western sky :  
 An' oomely wer' the steps her peace  
     Did meake a-walken slowly by :

But I went east, wi' beaten breast,  
 Wi' wind, an' cloud, an' brook, vor rest,  
 Where rest wer' lost, vor Jessie gone  
 So lovely on, toward the west.

Blow on, O winds, athirt the hill;  
 Zwim on, O clouds; O waters vail,  
 Down maeshy rocks, vrom mill to mill;  
 I now can awverlook ye all.  
 But roll, O zun, an' bring to me  
 My day, if such a day there be,  
 When zome dear paeth to my abode  
 Shall be the road o' Jessie Lee.



### TRUE LOVE.

As evenen air, in green-treed spring,  
 Do sheake the new-sprung pa'sley bed,  
 An' wither'd ash-tree keys do swing  
 An' vail a-flutt'ren roun' our head:  
 There, while the birds do zing their zong  
 In bushes down the ash-tree drong,  
 Come Jessie Lee, vor sweet's the please  
 Your vaice an' feace can meake vor me.

Below the budden ashes' height  
 We there can linger in the lew,  
 While boughs, a-gilded by the light,  
 Do sheen avore the sky o' blue :  
 But there by zetten zun, or moon  
 A-risen, time will vlee too soon  
 Wi' Jessie Lee, vor sweet's the pleace  
 Her vaice an' feace can meake vor me.

Down where the darksome brook do flow,  
 Below the brudge's arched wall,  
 Wi' alders dark, a-leanen low,  
 Above the gloomy waterfall ;  
 There I 've a-led ye hwome at night,  
 Wi' noo feace else 'ithin my zight  
 But yours so feair, an' sweet's the pleace  
 Your vaice an' feace ha' meade me there.

An' oh ! when other years do come,  
 An' zetten zuns, wi' yollor gleare,  
 Droo western windor-peanes, at hwome,  
 Do light upon my evenen chair :  
 While dae do weane, an' dew do vall,  
 Be wi' me then, or else in call,  
 As time do vlee, vor sweet's the pleace  
 Your vaice an' feace do meake vor me.



Ah ! you do smile, a-thinken light  
 O, my true words, but never mind ;  
 Smile on, smile on, but still your flight  
 .Would leave me little jay behind :  
 But let me not be zoo a-tried  
 Wi' you a-lost where I do bide ;  
 O Jessie Lee, in any please  
 Your vaice an' feace ha' blest vor me.

I'm sure that when a soul's a-brought  
 To this our life ov air an' land,  
 Oone mwore's a-mark'd in God's good thought,  
 To help, wi' love, his heart an' hand.  
 An' oh ! if there should be in store  
 An angel here vor my poor door,  
 'Tis Jessie Lee, vor sweet's the please  
 Her vaice an' feace can meake vor me.

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### THE BEAN VIELD.

'Twer' where the zun did warm the lewth,  
 An' win' did whiver in the sheade,  
 The sweet-air'd beans were out in blooth,  
 Down there 'ithin the elem gleade ;

A yollor-banded bee did come,  
 An' softly pitch, wi' hushen hum,  
 Upon a bean, an' there did sip,  
 Upon a swayen blossom's lip :  
 An' there cried he, "Aye, I can zee,  
 This blossom's all a-zent vor me."

A-jilted up an' down, astride  
 Upon a lofty hoss a-trot,  
 The measter then come by wi' pride,  
 To zee the beans that he'd a-got ;  
 An' as he zot upon his hoss,  
 The hoss agean did snort an' toss  
 His high-ear'd head, an' at the zight  
 Ov all the blossom, black an' white :  
 "Ah ! ah !" thought he, the seame's the bee,  
 "These beans be all a-zent vor me."

Zoo let the worold's riches breed  
 A strife o' claims, wi' weak an' strong,  
 Vor now what cause have I to heed  
 Who's in the right, or in the wrong ;  
 Since there do come droo yonder hatch,  
 An' bloom below the house's thatch,  
 The best o' maidens, an' do own  
 That she is mine, an' mine alwone :

Zoo I can zee that love do gi'e  
The best ov all good gifts to me.

Vor whose be all the crops an' land  
A-won an' lost, an' bought, an' zwold ;  
Or whose, a-roll'd vrom hand to hand,  
The highest money that's a-twold ?  
Vrom oone to t'other passen on,  
'Tis here to-day, to-morrow gone.  
But there's a blessen high above  
It all—a soul o' stedvast love ;  
Zoo let it vlee, if God do gi'e  
Sweet Jessie vor a gift to me.



### WOLD FRIENDS A-MET.

Aye, vull my heart's blood now do roll,  
An' gay do rise my happy soul,  
An' well they mid, vor here our veet  
Avore oone vier agean do meet ;  
Vor you 've avoun' my feace, to greet  
Wi' welcome words my startlen ear.  
An' who be you, but John o' Weer,  
An' I, but William Wellburn.

Here, light a candle up, to shed  
 Mwoe light upon a wold friend's head,  
 An' show the smile; his feace oonce mwore  
 Ha' bro't us vrom another shore.  
 An' I 'll heave on a brand avore  
 The vier-back, to meake good cheer,  
 O' roaren fleames, vor John o' Weer  
 To chat wi' William Wellburn.

Aye, aye, it mid be true that zome,  
 When they do wander out vrom hwome,  
 Do leave their nearest friends behind,  
 Bwoth out o' zight, and out o' mind;  
 But John an' I ha' ties to bind  
 Our souls together, vur or near,  
 For, who is he but John o' Weer,  
 An' I, but William Wellburn.

Look, there he is, with twinklen eyes,  
 An' elbows down upon his thighs,  
 A-chucklen low, wi' merry grin.  
 Though time ha' roughen'd up his chin,  
 'Tis still the seame true soul 'ithin,  
 As oonce I know'd, when year by year,  
 Thik very chap; thik John o' Weer,  
 Did play wi' William Wellburn.

Come, John, come ; don't be dead-alive  
 Here, reach us out your clust'r o' vive.  
 Oh ! you be happy. Eees, but that  
 Woont do till you can laef an' chat.  
 Don't blinky, lik' a purren cat,  
 But leap an' laef, an' let vo'k hear  
 What 's happen'd, min, that John o' Weer  
 Ha' met wi' William Wellburn.

Vor zome, wi' selfishness too strong  
 Vor love, do do each other wrong ;  
 An' zome do wrangle an' divide  
 In hets ov anger, bred o' pride ;  
 But who do think that time or tide  
 Can breed ill-will in friends so dear,  
 As William wer' to John o' Weer,  
 An' John to William Wellburn ?

If other vo'ks do gleen to zee  
 How loven an' how glad we be,  
 What, then, poor souls, they had but vew  
 Sich happy daes, so long agoo,  
 As thae that I 've a-spent wi' you ;  
 But they 'd hold oone another dear,  
 If oone o' them wer John o' Weer,  
 An' t'other William Wellburn.

## FIFEHEAD.

'Twer' where my fondest thoughts do light,  
 At Fifehead, while we spent the night;  
 The millwheel's resten rim wer' dry,  
 An' houn's held up their evenen cry;  
 An' lofty, droo the midnight sky  
 Above the vo'k, wi' heavy heads,  
 Asleep upon their darksome beds,  
 The stars were all awake, John.

Noo birds o' dae wer' out to spread  
 Their wings above the gully's bed,  
 An' darkness roun' the elem-tree  
 'D a-still'd the charmy childern's glee.  
 All he'ths wer' cwold but oone, where we  
 Wer' gay, 'tis true, but gay an' wise,  
 An' laef'd in light o' maiden's eyes,  
 That glissen'd wide awake, John.

An' when we all, lik' loosen'd hounds,  
 Broke out o' doors, wi' merry sounds,  
 Our friends among the playsome team,  
 All brought us gwain so vur's the stream,

But Jeane, that there below a gleam  
 O' light watch'd oone o's out o' zight;  
 Vor willenly, vor his "Good night,"  
 She'd longer bide awake, John.

An' while up *Leighs* we stepp'd along  
 Our grassy paeth, wi' joke an' zong,  
 There *Plumber*, wi' its woody ground,  
 O' slopen knaps a-screen'd around,  
 Rose dim 'ithout a breath o' sound,  
 The wold abode o' squiers a-gone,  
 Though while they lay a-sleepen on,  
 Their stars wer' still awake, John.

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### IVY HALL.

If I've a-stream'd below a storm,  
 An' not a-velt the rain,  
 An' if I ever velt me warm,  
 In snow upon the phain,  
 'Twer' when, as evenen skies wer' dim,  
 An' vields below my eyes wer' dim,  
 I went alwone at evenen-fall,  
 Athirt the vields to Ivy Hall.

I voun' the wind upon the hill,  
     Laest night, a-roaren loud,  
 An' rubben boughs a-creaken shill  
     Upon the ashes' shoud ;  
 But oh ! the reelen copse mid groan,  
 An' timbers lofty tops mid groan ;  
 The hufflen winds be music all,  
 Bezide my road to Ivy Hall.

A sheady grove o' ribbed woaks,  
     Is Wootton's sheker'd nest,  
 An' woaks do keep the winter's strokes  
     Vrom Knapton's evenen rest.  
 An' woaks agean wi' bossy stems,  
 An' elems wi' their mossy stems,  
 Do rise to screen the leafy wall  
 An' stwonen ruf ov Ivy Hall.

The darksome clouds mid fling their sleet,  
     An' vrost mid pinch me blue,  
 Or snow mid cling below my veet,  
     An' hide my road vrom view.  
 The winter's only jay ov heart,  
 An' storms do meake me gay ov heart,  
 When I do rest, at evenen-fall,  
 Bezide the he'th ov Ivy Hall.



There leafy stems do clim' around  
 The mossy stwonen eaves ;  
 An' there the windor-zides be bound  
 Wi' quiv'ren ivy-leaves.  
 But though the sky is dim 'ithout,  
 An' feaces mid be grim 'ithout,  
 Still I ha' smiles when I do call,  
 At evenen-tide, at Ivy Hall.



### FALSE FRIENDS-LIKE.

When I wer' still a bwoy, an' mother's pride,  
 A bigger bwoy spoke up to me so kind-like,  
 " If you do like, I'll treat ye wi' a ride  
 In thease wheel-barrow here." Zoo I wer' blind-like  
 To what 'e had a-worken in his mind-like,  
 An' mounted vor a passenger inside ;  
 An' comen to a puddle, perty wide,  
 He tipp'd me in, a-grinnen back behind like.  
 Zoo when a man do come to me so thick-like,  
 An' sheake my hand, where oonce 'e pass'd me by,  
 An' tell me he would do me this or that,  
 I can't help thinken o' the big bwoy's trick-like.  
 An' then, vor all I can but wag my hat  
 An' thank 'en, I do veel a little shy.

## THE BACHELOR.

No ! I don't begrudge en his life,  
 Nor his goold, nor his housen, nor lands ;  
 Teake all o't, an' gi'e me my wife,  
 A wife's be the cheapest ov hands.  
 Lie alwone ! sigh alwone ! die alwone !  
 Then be vorgot.  
 No ! I be content wi' my lot.

Ah ! where be the vingers so feair,  
 Vor to pot en so soft on the feace,  
 To mend ev'ry stitch that do tear,  
 An' keep ev'ry button in pleace ?  
 Crack a-tore ! brack a-tore ! back a-tore !  
 Buttons a-vled !  
 Vor want ov a wife wi' her dred.

Ah ! where is the sweet-perty head  
 That do nod till he's gone out o' zight ?  
 An' where be the white earms a-spread,  
 To show en he's welcome at night ?  
 Dine alwone ! pine alwone ! whine alwone !  
 Oh ! what a life !  
 I'll have a friend in a wife.

An' when vrom a meeten o' me'th  
 Each husban' do lead hwome his bride,  
 Then he de slink hwome to his he'th,  
 Wi' his earm hangen down his cwold zide.  
 Slinken on ! blinken on ! thinken on !  
 Gloomy an' glum ;  
 Nothen but dullness to come.

An' when 'e do onlock his door,  
 Do rumble as hollor 's a drum,  
 An' the vearies a-hid roun' the vloor,  
 Do grin vor to zee en so glum.  
 Keep alwone ! sleep alwone ! weep alwone !  
 There let en bide,  
 I 'll have a wife at my zide.

But when he 's a-laid on his bed  
 In a zickness, O, what wull he do !  
 Vor the hands that would lift up his head,  
 An' sheake up his pillor anew.  
 Ills to come ! pills to come ! bills to come !  
 Noo soul to sheare  
 'The trials the poor wratch must bear.

# MARRIED PEAIR'S LOVE WALK.

Come let 's goo down the grove to-night;  
 The moon is up, 'tis all so light  
 As day, an' win' do blow enough  
 To sheake the leaves, but tidden rough.  
 Come, Esther, teake, vor wold time's seake,  
 Your hooded cloke, that 's on the pin,  
 An' wrap up warm, an teake my earm,  
 You 'll vind it better out than in.  
 Come, Etty dear ; come out o' door,  
 An' teake a sweetheart's walk oonce mwore.

How charmen to our very souls,  
 Wer' oonce your evenen maiden strolls,  
 The while the zetten zunlight dyed  
 Wi' red the beeches' western zide,  
 But back avore your vinger were  
 The wedden ring that 's now so thin ;  
 An' you did sheare a mother's ceare,  
 To watch an' call ye early in.  
 Come, Etty dear ; come out o' door,  
 An' teake a sweetheart's walk oonce mwore.

An' then, agean, when you could slight  
 The clock a-stricken leate at night,  
 The while the moon, wi' risen rim,  
 Did light the beeches' eastern lim'.  
 When I'd a-bound your vinger round  
 Wi' thik goold ring that 's now so thin,  
 An' you had nwone but me alwone  
 To teake ye leate or early in.  
 Come, Etty dear ; come out o' door,  
 An' teake a sweetheart's walk oonce mwore.

But often when the western zide  
 O' trees did glow at even-tide,  
 Or when the leater moon did light  
 The beeches' eastern boughs at night,  
 An' in the grove, where vo'k did rove,  
 The crumpled leaves did vlee an' spin,  
 You coudden sheare the pleasure there :  
 Your work or childern kept ye in.  
 Come, Etty dear ; come out o' door,  
 An' teake a sweetheart's walk oonce mwore.

But ceares that zuuk your oval chin  
 Agean your bosom's lily skin,  
 Vor all they meade our life so black,  
 Be now a-lost behind our back.

Zoo never mwope, in midst of hope,  
 To slight our blessens would be sin.  
 Ha! ha! well done, now this is fun;  
 When you do like I 'll bring ye in.  
 Here, Etty dear; here, out o' door,  
 We'll teake a sweetheart's walk oonce mwore.

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A WIFE A-PRAISED.

'Twer' May, but ev'ry leaf wer' dry
 All day below a sheenen sky;
 The zun did glow wi' yollor gleare,
 An' cowslips blow wi' yollor gleare,
 Wi' greygles' bells a-droopen low,
 An' bremble boughs a-stoopen low;
 While culvers in the trees did coo
 Above the vallen dew.

An' there, wi' heair o' glossy black,
 Bezide your neck an' down your back,
 You rambled gay a-bloomen feair,
 By boughs o' may a-bloomen feair:
 An' while the birds did twitter nigh,
 An' water weaves did glitter nigh,
 You gather'd cowslips in the lew,
 Below the vallen dew.

An' now, while you 've a-been my bride
 As years o' flow'rs ha' bloom'd an' died,
 Your smilen feace ha' been my jay;
 Your soul o' greace ha' been my jay;
 An' wi' my evenen rest a-come,
 An' zunsheen to the west a-come,
 I 'm glad to teake my road to you
 Vrom vields o' vallen dew.

An' when the rain do wet the may,
 A-bloomen where we oonce did stray,
 An' win' do blow along so vast,
 An' streams do vlow along so vast;
 Agean the storms so rough abroad,
 An' angry tongues so gruff abroad,
 The love that I do meet vrom you
 Is lik' the vallen dew.

An' you be sprack 's a bird on wing,
 In search ov honey in the spring:
 The dawn-red sky do meet ye up;
 The birds vu'st cry do meet ye up;
 An' wi' your feace a-smilen on,
 An' busy hands a-twilen on,
 You 'll vind zome useful work to do
 Until the vallen dew.

THE WIFE A-LOST.

Since I noo mwore do zee your feace,
 Up stears or down below,
 I 'll zit me in the lwonesome pleace,
 Where flat-bough'd beech do grow :
 Below the beeches' bough, my love,
 Where you did never come,
 An' I don't look to meet ye now,
 As I do look at hwome.

Since you noo mwore be at my zide,
 In walks in zummer het,
 I 'll goo alwone where mist do ride,
 Droo trees a-drippen wet :
 Below the rain-wet bough, my love,
 Where you did never come,
 An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
 As I do grieve at hwome.

Since now bezide my dinner-bwoard
 Your vaice do never sound,
 I 'll eat the bit I can avword,
 A vield upon the ground ;

Below the darksome bough, my love,
 Where you did never dine,
 An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
 As I at hwome do pine.

Since I do miss your vaice an' feace
 In prayer at eventide,
 I 'll pray wi' oone sad vaice vor greace
 To goo where you do bide ;
 Above the tree an' bough, my love,
 Where you be gone avore,
 An' be a-waiten vor me now,
 To come vor evermwore.



THE THORNS IN THE GEATE.

Ah ! Measter Collins auvertook
 Our knot o' vo'k a-stannen still,
 Laest Zunday, up on Ivy Hill,
 To zee how strong the corn did look.
 An' he stay'd back awhile an' spoke
 A vew kind words to all the vo'k,
 Vor good or joke, an' wi' a smile
 Begun a-playen wi' a chile.

The zull, wi' iron zide awry,
 Had long a-vurrow'd up the vield;
 The heavy roller had a-wheel'd
 It smooth vor showers vrom the sky;
 The bird-bwoy's cry, a-risen shill,
 An' clacker, had a-left the hill,
 All bright but still, vor time alwone
 To speed the work that han's had done.

Down droo the wind, a-blown keen,
 Did gleare the nearly cloudless sky,
 An' corn in bleade, up ancle-high,
 'Ithin the geate did quiver green;
 An' in the geate a-lock'd there stood
 A prickly row o' thornen wood,
 Vor vo'k vor food had done their best,
 An' left to Spring to do the rest.

"The geate," he cried, "a-seal'd wi' thorn
 Vrom harmvul veet 's a-left to hold
 The bleade a-springen vrom the mwold,
 While God do ripen it to corn.
 An' zoo in life let as vulvil
 Whatever is our Meaker's will,
 An' then bide still, wi' peacevul breast,
 While He do manago all the rest."

ANGELS BY THE DOOR.

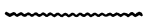
Oh ! there be angels evermware,
 A-passen onward by the door,
 A-zent to teake our jays, or come
 To bring us zome—O Mearianne.
 Though doors be shut, an' bars be stout,
 Noo bolted door can keep em out ;
 But they wull leave us ev'ry thing
 They have to bring—My Mearianne.

An' zoo the daes a-stealen by,
 Wi' zuns a-riden droo the sky,
 Do bring us things to leave us sad,
 Or meake us glad—O Mearianne.
 The dae that 's mild, the dae that 's stern,
 Do teake, in stillness, each his turn ;
 An' evils at their wo'st mid mend,
 Or even end—My Mearianne.

But still, if we can only bear
 Wi' faith an' love, our pain an' ceare,
 We shan't vind missen jay a-lost,
 Though we be crost—O Mearianne.

But all a-car'd to heav'n, an' stow'd
 Where we can't weaste em on the road,
 As we do wander to an' frò,
 Down here below—My Mearianne.

But there be jays I 'd soonest choose
 To keep, vrom they that I must lose ;
 Thy worksome hands to help my twile,
 Thy cheerful smile—O Mearianne.
 The Zunday bells o' yander tow'r,
 The moonlight sheades o' my own bow'r,
 An' rest avore our vier-zide,
 At evenen-tide—My Mearianne.



VO'K A-COMEN INTO CHURCH.

The church do ~~seem~~ a touchen zight,
 When vo'k, a-comen in at door,
 Do softly tread the long-ail'd vloer
 Below the pillar'd arches' height,
 Wi' bells a-pealen,
 Vo'k a-kneelen,
 Hearts a-healen, wi' the love
 An' peace a-zent em vrom above.

An' there, wi' mild an' thoughtvul feace,
 Wi' downcast eyes, an' vaices dum',
 The wold an' young do slowly come,
 An' teake in stillness each his pleace,
 A-zinken slowly,
 Kneelen lowly,
 Seeken holy thoughts alwone,
 In pray'r avore their Meaker's throne.

An' there be sons in youthvul pride,
 An' faethers weak wi' years an' pain,
 An' daeters in their mother's train,
 The tall wi' smaller at their zide;
 Heads in murnen
 Never turnen,
 Cheaks a-burnen, wi' the het
 O' youth, an' eyes noo tears do wet.

There friends do settle, zide by zide,
 The knower speechless to the known;
 Their vaice is there vor God alwone;
 To flesh an' blood their tongues be tied.
 Grief a-wringen,
 Jay a-zingen,
 Pray'r a-bringen welcome rest
 So softly to the troubled breast.

OONE RULE.

An' while I zot, wi' thoughtvul mind,
 Up where the lwonesome Coombs do wind,
 An' watch'd the little gully slide
 So crooked to the river-zide ;
 I thought how wrong the Stour did seem
 To roll along his ramblen stream,
 A-runnen wide the left o' south,
 To vind his mouth, the right-hand zide.

But though his stream do teake, at mill,
 An eastward bend by Newton Hill,
 An' goo to lae his welcome boon
 O' daely water round Hammoon,
 An' then wind off agean, to run
 By Blanvord, to the noondae zun,
 'Tis only bound by oone rule all,
 An' that 's to vall down steepest ground.

An' zoo, I thought, as we do bend
 Our way droo life, to reach our end,
 Our God ha' gi'ed us, vrom our youth,
 Oone rule to be our guide—His truth.

And zoo wi' that, though we mid teake
 Wide rambles vor our callens' seake,
 What is, is best, we needen fear,
 An' we shall steer to happy rest.



GOOD MEASTER COLLINS.

Aye, Mr. Collins were a-blest
 Wi' greace, and now 's a-gone to rest ;
 An' though his heart did beat so meek
 'S a little chile's, when he did speak,
 The godly wisdom ov his tongue
 Wer' dew o' greace to wold an' young.

'Twer' oonce, upon a zummer's tide,
 I zot at Brookwell by his zide,
 Avore the leake, upon the rocks,
 Above the water's idle shocks,
 As little playsome weaves did zwim
 Agean the water's windy brim,
 Out where the lofty tower o' stwone
 Did stan' to years o' wind an' zun ;
 An' where the zwellen pillars bore
 A pworch above the heavy door,

Wi' sister sheades a-reachen cool
 Athirt the stwones an' sparklen pool.
 I spoke zome word that meade en smile,
 O' girt vo'k's wealth an' poor vo'k's twile,
 As if I pin'd, vor want ov greace,
 To have a lord's or squier's pleace.
 "No, no," 'e zaid, "what God do zend
 Is best vor all o's in the end,
 An' all that we do need the mwest
 Do come to us wi' least o' cost ;—
 Why, who could live upon the e'th
 'ithout God's gift ov air vor breath ?
 Or who could bide below the zun
 If water didden rise an' run ?
 An' who could work below the skies
 If zun an' moon did never rise ?
 Zoo air an' water, an' the light,
 Be gerter gifts, a-reekon'd right,
 Than all the goold the darksome clay
 Can ever yield to zunny day :
 But then the air is roun' our heads,
 Abroad by dae, or on our beds ;
 Where land do gi'e us room to bide,
 Or seas do spread vor ships to ride ;
 An' He do zend his waters free,
 Vrom clouds to lands, vrom lands to sea ;

An' mornen light do blush an' glow,
 'Ithout our twile—'ithout our ho.

" Zoo let us never pine, in sin,
 Vor gifts that be n't the best to win ;
 The heaps o' goold that zome mid pile,
 Wi' sleepless nights an' peaceless twile ;
 Or manor that mid reach so wide
 As Blackmwore is vrom zide to zide,
 Or kingly sway, wi' life or death,
 Vor helpless childern ov the e'th :
 Vor thease be n't gifts, as He do know,
 That He in love should vu'st bestow ;
 Or else we should have had our sheare
 O'm all wi' little twile or ceare.

" Ov all His choicest gifts, His cry
 Is, ' Come, ye moneyless, and buy.'
 Zoo blest is he that can but lift
 His prayer vor a happy gift."

HERRENSTON.

Zoo then the leady an' the squier,
 At Christmas, gather'd gert an' small,
 Vor me'th, avore their roaren vier,
 An' roun' their bword, 'ithin the hall;
 An' there, in glitt'ren rows, between
 The roun'-rimm'd pleates, our knives did sheen,
 Wi' frothy eale, an' cup, an' can,
 Vor-maid an' man, at Herrenston.

An' there the jeints o' beef did stand,
 Lik' cliffs o' rock, in goodly row;
 Where oone mid quarry till his hand
 Did tire, an' meake but little show;
 An' a'ter we'd a-took our seat,
 An' greace had been a-zaed vor meat,
 We zet to work, an' zoo begun
 Our feast an' fun at Herrenston.

An' mothers there, beside the bboards,
 Wi' little childern in their laps,
 Did stoop, wi' loven looks an' words,
 An' veed em up wi' bits an' draps;

An' smilen husbands zent in quest
 O' what their wives did like the best ;
 An' you 'd ha' zeed a happy zight,
 Thik merry night, at Herrenston.

An' then the band, wi' each his leaf
 O' notes, above us at the zide,
 Play'd up the praise ov England's beef
 An' vill'd our hearts wi' English pride ;
 An' leafy chains o' garlands hung,
 Wi' dazzen stripes o' flags, that swung
 Above us, in a bleaze o' light,
 Thik happy night, at Herrenston.

An' then the clerk, avore the vire,
 Begun to lead, wi' smilen feace,
 A carol, wi' the Monkton quire,
 That rung droo all the crowded pleace.
 An' dins' o' words an' laeften broke
 In merry peals droo clouds o' smoke ;
 Vor hardly wer there oone that spoke,
 But pass'd a joke, at Herrenston.

Then man an' maid stood up by twos,
 In rows, droo passage, out to door,
 An' gaily beat, wi' nimble shoes,
 A daence upon the stwonen floor.

But who is worthy vor to tell,
 If she that then did bear the bell,
 Wer' oone o' Monkton, or o' Ceame,
 Or zome sweet neame ov Herrenston.

Zoo peace betide the gert vo'k's land,
 When they can stoop, wi' kindly smile,
 An' teake a poor man by the hand,
 An' cheer en in his daely twile.
 An' Oh! mid He that's vur above
 The highest here, reward their love,
 An' gi'e their happy souls, droo greace,
 A higher pleace than Herrenston.

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OUT AT PLOUGH.

Though cool avore the sheenen sky
 Do vall the sheades below the copse,
 The timber-trees, a-reachen high,
 Ha' zunsheen on their lofty tops,
 Where yonder land 's a-lyen plow'd,
 An' red, below the snow-white cloud,
 An' vlocks o' pitchén rooks do vwold
 Their wings to walk upon the mwold,
 While floods be low,
 An' buds do grow,
 An' air do blow, a-broad, O.

But though the air is cworld below
 The creaken copses' darksome screen,
 The truest sheade do only show
 How strong the warmer zun do sheen;
 An' even times o' grief an' pain,
 Ha' good a-comen in their train,
 An' 'tis but happiness do mark
 The sheades o' sorrow out so dark.
 As twiles be sad,
 Or smiles be glad,
 Or times be bad, at hwome, O.

An' there the zunny land do lie
 Below the hangen, in the lew,
 Wi' vurrows now a-crumblen dry,
 Below the plowman's dousty shoe;
 An' there the bwoy do whissel shill,
 Below the skylark's merry bill,
 Where primwrose beds do deck the zides
 O' banks below the meaple wrides.
 As trees be bright
 Wi' bees in flight,
 An' weather's bright, abroad, O.

An' there, as sheenen wheels do spin
 Vull speed along the dousty rwoad,

He can but stan', an' wish 'ithin
 His mind to be their happy lwoad,
 That he mid gaily ride, an' goo
 To towns the rwoad mid teake en droo,
 An' zee, for oonce, the zights behind
 The bluest hills his eyes can vind,
 O' towns, an' tow'rs,
 An' downs, an' flow'rs,
 In zunny hours, abroad, O.

But still, vor all the weather 's feair,
 Below a cloudless sky o' blue,
 The bwoy at plough do little ceare
 How vast the brightest dae mid goo;
 Vor he 'd be glad to zee the zun
 A-zetten, wi' his work a-done,
 That he, at hwome, mid still injay
 His happy bit ov evenen play,
 So light's a lark
 Till night is dark,
 While dogs do bark, at hwome, O.

THE PLEACE OUR OWN AGEAN.

Well ! thanks to you, my faithful Jeane,
 So worksome wi' your head an' hand,
 We seaved enough to get agean
 My poor forefaethers' plot o' land.
 'Twer' folly lost, an' cunnen got,
 What should ha' come to me by lot.
 But let that goo ; 'tis well the land
 Is come to hand, by be'th or not.

An' there the brook, a-winden round
 The parrie zide, do run below
 The grey-stwon'd bridge wi' gurglen sound,
 A-sheaded by the arches' bow ;
 Where former days the wold brown mears,
 Wi' faether on her back, did wear
 Wi' heavy shoes the grav'ly leane,
 An' sheake her meane o' yollor hair.

An' many zummers there ha' glow'd,
 To shrink the brook in bubblen shoals,
 An' warm the doust upon the road,
 Below the trav'ler's burnen zoles.

An' zome ha' zent us to our bed
 In grief, an' zome in jay ha' vled ;
 But vew ha' come wi' happier light
 Than what's now bright, above our head.

The brook did peart, zome years agoo,
 Our Grenley meads vrom Knapton's Ridge ;
 But now you know, between the two,
 A road's a-meade by Grenley Bridge.
 Zoo why should we shrink back at zight
 Ov hindrances we ought to slight ?
 A hearty will, wi' God our friend,
 Will gain its end, if 'tis but right.



JOHN AN' THOMAS.

Thomas.—How b'ye, then, John, to-night ; an' how
 Be times a-waggen on w' ye now ?
 I can't help slackenen my peace
 When I do come along your pleace,
 To zee what crops your bit o' groun'
 Do bear ye all the zummer roun'.
 'Tis true you don't get fruit nor blewth,
 'Ithin the glassen houses' lewth ;

But if a man can rear a crop
 Where win' do blow an' rain can drop,
 Do seem to come, below your hand,
 As fine as any in the land.

John.—Well, there, the gearden stuff an' flow'rs
 Don't leave me many idle hours ;
 But still, though I mid plant or zow,
 'Tis Oone above do meake it grow.

Thomas.—Aye, Aye, that's true, but still your strip
 O' groun' do show good workmanship:
 You've inons there nine inches round,
 An' turmits that would waigh a pound ;
 An' cabbage wi' its hard white head,
 An' teaties in their dousty bed,
 An' carrots big an' straight enough
 Vor any show o' gearden stuff ;
 An' trees ov apples' red-skin'd balls,
 An' purple plums upon the walls,
 An' peas an' beans ; besides a store
 O' earbs vor ev'ry pain an' zore.

John.—An' auver hedge the win's a-heard,
 A-ruslen droo my barley's beard ;
 An' swayen wheat do auverspread
 Zix rudges in a sheet o' red ;

An' then there's oone thing I do call
 The girttest handiness of all :
 My groun' is here at hand, avore
 My eyes, as I do stan' at door ;
 An' zoo I've never any need
 To goo a mile to pull a weed.

Thomas.—No, sure, a miel shooddén stratch
 Between oone's gearden an' oone's hatch.
 A man would like his house to stand
 Bezide his little bit o' land.

John.—Ees. When oone's groun' vor gearden stuff
 Is roun' below the house's ruf,
 Then oone can spend upon oone's land
 Odd minutes that mid lie on hand,
 The while, wi' night a-comén on,
 The red west sky's a-wearen wan ;
 Or while oone's wife, wi' busy hands,
 Avore her vier o' burnen brands,
 Do put, as best she can avword,
 Her bit o' dinner on the bboard.
 An' here, when I do teake my road,
 At breakfast-time, agwain abroad,
 Why, I can zee if any plot
 O' groun' do want a hand or not ;

An' bid my childern, when there's need,
 To drae a reake or pull a weed,
 Or heal young beans or peas in line,
 Or tie 'em up wi' rods an' twine,
 Or peel a kindly withy white
 To hold a droopen flow'r upright.

Thomas.—No. Bits o' time can zeldom come
 To much on groun' a mile vrom hwome;
 A man at hwome should have in view
 The jobs his childern's hands can do;
 An' groun' abroad mid teake em all
 Beyond their mother's zight an' call,
 To get a zoaken in a storm,
 Or vall, i' may be, into harm.

John.—Ees. Gearden groun', as I've a-zed,
 Is better near oone's bwoard an' bed.

PENTRIDGE BY THE RIVER.

Pentridge!—oh! my heart's a-swollen
 Vull wi' jay to hear ye tellen

Any news o' thik wold pleace,
 An' the boughy hedges round it,
 An' the river that do bound it

Wi' his dark but glisnen feace.
 Vor there's noo land, on either hand,
 To me lik' Pentridge by the river.

Be there any leaves to quiver
 On our aspen by the river?

Doo er sheade the water still,
 Where the rushes be a-grownen,
 Where the suller Stour's a-flown

Droo the meads vrom mill to mill?
 Vor if a tree wer' dear to me,
 Oh! 'twer' thik aspen by the river.

There, in eegrass newly shooten,
 I did run on even vooten, .

Happy, awver new-mown land;
 Or did zing wi' zingen drushes

While I plaited, out o' rushes,
 Little baskets vor my hand ;
 Bezide the clote that there did float,
 Wi' yollor blossoms, on the river.

When the western zun 's a-vallen,
 What shill vaice is now a-callen
 Hwome the deairy to the pails ?
 Who do dreve em on, a-fingen
 Wide-bow'd horns, or slowly zwingen
 Right an' left their tufty tails ?
 As they do goo a-huddled droo
 The geate a-leaden up vrom river.

Bleaded grass is now a-shooten
 Where the vloer wer' oonce our vooten,
 While the hall wer' still in pleace,
 Stwones be looser in the wallen ;
 Hollor trees be nearer vallen ;
 Ev'ry thing ha' chang'd its feace.
 But still the neame do bide the seame—
 'Tis Pentridge—Pentridge by the river.

WHEAT.

In brown-leav'd Fall the wheat a-left
 'Ithin its darksome bed,
 Where all the creaken roller's heft
 Seal'd down its lowly head,
 Sprung sheaken droo the crumblen mwold,
 Green-yollor, vrom below,
 An' bent its bleades, a-glitt'ren cwold,
 At laest in winter snow.

Zoo luck betide
 The upland zide,
 Where wheat do wride,
 In corn-vields wide,
 By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

An' while the screamen bird-bwoy shook
 Wi' little zun-burnt hand,
 His clacker at the bright-wing'd rook,
 The thief o' zeeded land ;
 His measter there did come an' stop
 His bridle-champen meare,
 Wi' thankvul heart, to zee his crop
 A-comen up so feair.

As there awhile
 By geate or stile,
 He gi'ed the chile
 A cheeren smile,
 By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

At laest, wi' ears o' darksome red,
 The yollor stalks did ply,
 A-swayen slow, so heavy' s lead,
 In air a-blown by ;
 An' then the busy reapers laid
 In row their russlen grips,
 An' sheaves, a-leanen head by head,
 Did meake the stitches tips.
 Zoo food 's a-vound,
 A-comen round,
 Vrom zeed in ground,
 To sheaves a-bound,
 By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

An' now the wheat, in lofty lwoods,
 Above the meares' broad backs,
 Do ride along the cracklen rroads,
 Or dowsty waggon-tracks.
 An' there, mid every busy pick,
 Ha' work enough to do ;

An' where, avore, we built oone rick,
 Mid thease year gi'e us two ;
 Wi' God our friend,
 An' wealth to spend,
 Vor zome good end,
 That times mid mend,
 In towns, an' Do'set Downs, O.

Zoo let the merry thatcher veel
 Fine weather on his brow,
 As he, in happy work, do kneel
 Up roun' the new-built mow,
 That now do zwell to sich a size,
 An' rise to sich a height,
 That, oh ! the miller's wistful eyes
 Do sparkle at the zight.
 An' long mid stand,
 A happy band,
 To till the land,
 Wi' head an' hand,
 By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

THE MEAD IN JUNE.

Ah ! how the looks o' sky an' ground
 Do change wi' months a-stealen round,
 When northern winds, by starry night,
 Do stop in ice the river's flight ;
 Or brooks in winter rains do zwell,
 Lik' rollen seas athirt the dell ;
 Or trickle thin in zummer-tide,
 Among the mossy stwones haef dried ;
 But still, below the zun or moon,
 The fearest vield 's the mead in June.

An' I mus' own, my heart do beat
 Wi' pride avore my own blue geate,
 Where I can bid the steately tree
 Be cast at langth avore my knee ;
 An' clover red, an' deazies feair,
 An' gil'cups wi' their yollor gleare,
 Be all a-match'd avore my zight
 By wheelen butternvees in flight,
 The while the burnen zun at noon
 Do sheen upon my mead in June.

An' there do zing the swingen lark
 So gay 's above the finest park,
 An' dae do sheade my trees as true
 As any steately avenue ;
 An' show'ry clonds o' spring do pass
 To shed their rain on my young grass,
 An' air do blow the whole dae long,
 To bring me breath, an' teake my zong,
 An' I do miss noo needvul boon
 A-gied to other meads in June.

An' when the bloomen rwose do ride
 Upon the boughy hedge's zide,
 We haymeakers, in snow-white sleeves,
 Do work in sheades o' quiv'ren leaves,
 In a'ternoon, a-liften high
 Our reakes avore the viery sky,
 A-reaken up the hay a-dried
 By dae, in longsomes weales, to bide
 In chilly dew below the moon,
 O' shorten'd nights in zultry June.

An' there the brook do sof'ly flow
 Along, a-benden in a bow,
 An' vish, wi' zides o' zilver-white,
 Do flash vrom shoals a dazzlen light ;

An' alders by the water's edge,
 Do sheade the ribbon-bleaded zedge ;
 An' where, below the withy's head,
 The zwimmen clote-leaves be a-spread,
 The angler is a-zot at noon
 Upon the flow'ry bank in June.

Vor all the aier that do bring
 My little mead the breath o' spring,
 By dae an' night 's a-flowen wide
 Above all other vields bezide ;
 Vor all the zun above my ground
 'S a-zent vor all the naighbours round,
 An' rain do vall, an' streams do flow,
 Vor lands above, an' lands below,
 My bit o' mead is God's own boon,
 To me alwone, vrom June to June.



EARLY RISEN.

The air to gi'e your cheeks a hue
 O' rwoosy red, so feair to vlew,
 Is what do sheake the grass-bleades grae
 At break o' dae, in mornen dew ;

Vor vo'k that will be rathe abrode,
Will meet wi' health upon their road.

But biden up till dead o' night,
When han's o' clocks do stan' upright,
By candle-light, do soon consume
The feace's bloom, an' turn it white.
An' moon-beams cast vrom midnight skies
Do blunt the sparklen ov the eyes.

Vor health do weake vrom nightly dreams .
Below the mornen's early beams,
An' leave the dead-air'd houses' eaves,
Vor quiv'ren leaves, an' bubblen streams, .
A-glitt'ren brightly to the view,
Below a sky o' cloudless blue.



ZELLEN OONE'S HONEY TO BUY ZOME'- HAT SWEET. .

Why, his heart 's lik' a popple, so hard as a stwone,
Vor 'tis money, an' money 's his ho,
An' to handle an' reckon it up vor his own,
Is the best o' the jays he do know.

Why, vor money he'd gi'e up his lags an' be leame,
 Or would peart wi' hiz zight an' be blind,
 Or would lose vo'k's good will, vor to have a bad neame,
 Or his peace, an' have trouble o' mind.
 But wi' ev'ry good thing that his meanness mid bring,
 He'd pay vor his money,
 An' only zell honey to buy zome'hat sweet.

'E did whisper to me, "You do know that you stood
 By the Squier, wi' the vote that you had,
 You could ax en to help ye to zome'hat as good,
 Or to vind a good pleace vor your lad."
 "Aye, aye, but if I were beholden vor bread
 To another," I zaid, "I should bind
 All my body an' soul to the nod of his head,
 An' gi'e up all my freedom o' mind."
 An' then, if my pain wer' a-zet wi' my gain,
 I should pay vor my money,
 An' only zell honey to buy zome'hat sweet.

Then, if my bit o' brook that do wind so vur round,
 Wer' but his, why, he'd straighten his bed,
 An' the wold stunpole woak that do stan' in my ground,
 Shoudden long sheade the grass wi' his head.
 But if I do vind jay where the leaves be a-shook
 On the lim's, wi' their sheades on the grass,

Or below, in the bow of the withy-bound nook,
 That the rock-washen water do pass,
 Then wi' they jays a-vled an' zome goold in their stead,
 I should pay vor my money,
 An' only zell honey to buy zome'hat sweet.

No, be my lot good work, wi' the lungs well in play,
 An' good rest when the body do tire,
 Vor the mind a good conscience, wi' hope or wi' jay,
 Vor the body, good lewth, an' good vire,
 There 's noo good o' goold, but to buy what 'ull meake
 Vor our happiness here among men ;
 An' who would gi'e happiness up vor the seake
 O' zome money to buy it agean ?
 Vor 'twould seem to the eyes ov a man that is wise,
 Lik' money vor money,
 Or zellen oone's honey to buy zome'hat sweet.



DOBBIN DEAD.

Thomas (1) and John (2) a-ta'ken o't.

2. I do veel vor ye, Thomas, vor I be a-fear'd
 You've lost your wold meare then, by what I've a heard.
1. Ees, my meare is a-gone, an' the cart 's in the shed
 Wi' his wheelbonds a-rusten, an' I 'm out o' bread ;

Vor what be my han's vor to earn me a crowst,
 Wi' noo meare's vower legs vor to trample the dowst.

2. Well, how did it happen? 'E vell from the brim
 Ov a cliff, as the teale is, an' broke ev'ry lim'.

1. Why, I gi'd en his run, an' 'e shook his wold meane,
 An' 'e rambled a-veeden in Westergap Leane;

• An' there 'e must needs goo a-riggen, an' crope
 Vor a vew bleades o' grass up the wo'st o' the slope;
 Though 'I should ha' thought his wold head would
 ha' know'd

That vor stiff lags, lik' his, the best pleace wer' the
 road.

2. An' you hadden a-kept en so short he must clim',
 Lik' a gwoat, vor a bleade, at the risk ov a lim'.

1. No, but there, I'm a-twold, he did clim' an' did slide,
 An' did screape, an' did slip, on the shelven bank-zide,
 An' at langth lost his vooten, an' roll'd vrom the top,
 Down, thump, kick, an' higgledly, piggedly, flop.

2. Dear me, that is bad! I do veel vor your loss,
 Vor a vew years ago, Thomas, I lost my hoss.

1. How wer't? if I heard, I have now a-forgot;
 Wer' the poor thing bewitch'd, or a-pwison'd, or what?

2. He wer' out, an' a-meaken his way to the brink
 O' the stream at the end o' Church Leane, vor to drink;

An' he met wi' zome yew-twigs the men had a-cast,
 Vrom the yew-tree, in churchyard, the road that he
 past.

He wer' pwison'd. (1) O dear, 'tis a hard loss to bear,
 Vor a tranter's whole bread is a-lost wi' his meare ;
 But ov all churches' yew-trees, I never zet eyes
 On a tree that would come up to thik oone vor size.

2. No, tis long years ago, but do linger as clear
 In my mind though as if I'd a-heard it to year.
 When King George wer' in Do'set, an' show'd his
 round feace

By our very own doors, at our very own pleece,
 That 'e look'd at thik yew-tree, an' nodded his head,
 An' 'e zaid,—an' I'll tell ye the words that 'e zaid :—
 “ I'll be bound, if you'll search my dominions all droo,
 That you woon't vind the fellor to thik there wold yew.”

HAPPINESS.

Ah ! you do seem to think the ground,
 Where happiness is mwestly vound,
 Is where the high-peal'd park do reach
 Wi' elem-rows, or clumps o' beech ;
 Or where the coach do stand avore
 The twelve-tunn'd house's lofty door,

Or men can ride behin' their hounds
 Vor miles athirt their own wide grounds,
 An' seldom wi' the lowly ;
 Upon the green that we do tread,
 Below the welsh-nut's wide-limb'd head,
 Or grass where apple-trees do spread ?
 No, so's ; no, no : not high nor low :
 'Tis where the heart is holy.

'Tis true its veet mid tread the vloor,
 'Ithin the marble-pillar'd door,
 Where dae do cast, in high-roof'd halls,
 His light droo lofty windor'd walls ;
 An' wax-white han's do never-tire
 Wi' strokes ov heavy work vor hire,
 An' all that money can avword
 Do lwoad the zilver-brighten'd bwoard ;
 Or mid be wi' the lowly,
 Where turf's a-smwolderen avore
 The back, to warm the stwonen vloor,
 An' love's at hwome 'ithin the door ?
 No, so's ; no, no ; not high nor low :
 'Tis where the heart is holy.

An' ceare can come 'ithin a ring
 O' sworded guards, to smite a king,

Though he mid hold 'ithin his hands
 The zwarmen vo'k o' many lands ;
 Or goo in droo the iron-geate
 Avore the house o' lofty steate ;
 Or reach the miser that do smile
 A-builden up his goolden pile ;
 Or else mid smite the lowly,
 That have noo pow'r to loose or bind
 Another's body, or his mind,
 But only hands to help mankind.
 If there is rest 'ithin the breast,
 'Tis where the heart is holy.



GRUFFMOODY GRIM.

Aye, a sad life his wife must ha' led,
 Vor so snappish he's leately a-come,
 That there's nothen but anger or dread
 • Where he is, abrode or at hwome ;
 He do wreak all his spite on the bwones
 O' whatever do vlee, or do crawl ;
 He do quarrel wi' stocks, an' wi' stwones,
 An' the rain, if do hold up or vall ;
 There is nothen vrom mornen till night
 Do come right to Gruffmoody Grim.

Oone night, in his anger, 'e zwoore
 At the vier, that didden burn free :
 An' 'e het zome o't out on the vloor,
 Vor a vlanker it cast on his knee.
 Then 'e kicked it vor burnen the child,
 An' het it among the cat's heairs ;
 An' then beat the cat, a-run wild,
 Wi' a spark on her back up the steairs ;
 Vor even the vier an' fleame
 Be to bleame wi' Gruffmoody Grim.

Then 'e snarl'd at the tea in his cup,
 Vor 'tw'er' all a-got cwold in the pot,
 But 'tw'er' woo'se when his wife vill'd it up
 Vrom the vier, vor 'tw'er' then scalden hot ;
 Then 'e growl'd that the bread wer' sich stuff
 As noo hammer in parish cood crack,
 An' flung down the knife in a huff ;
 Vor the edge o'n wer' thicker 'n the back.
 Vor beakers an' meakers o' tools
 Be all fools wi' Gruffmoody Grim.

Oh! he's welcome, vor me, to breed dread
 Wherever his sheade mid alight,
 An' to live wi' noo me'th round his head,
 An' noo feace wi' a smile in his zight ;

But let vo'k be all merry an' zing
 At the he'th where my own logs do burn,
 An' let anger's gert vist never swing
 In where I have a door on his durn ;
 Vor I'll be a happier man,
 While I can, than Gruffmoody Grim.

To zit down by the vier at night,
 Is my jay—vor I woon't call it pride,—
 Wi' a brand on the bricks, all alight,
 An' a pile o' zome mwore at the zide.
 Then tell me o' zome'hat that's droll,
 An' I'll laef till my two zides do eache ;
 Or o' naighbours in sorrow o' soul,
 An' I'll twile all the night vor their seake ;
 An' show that to teake things amiss
 Idden bliss, to Gruffmoody Grim.

An' then let my chile clim' my lag,
 An' I'll lift en, wi' love to my chin ;
 Or my maid come an' coax me to bag
 Vor a frock, an' a frock she wull win ;
 Or, then if my wife do meake light
 O' whatever the bwoys mid ha' broke,
 It wull seem but so small in my zight,
 As a leaf a-het down vrom a woak ;

An' not meake me ceaper an' froth
 Vull o' wrath, lik' Gruffmoody Grim.



SAM'EL DOWN VROM LON'ON.

When Cousin Sam come down vrom Lon'on,
 Along at vu'st I wer' so mad wi'n,
 He though hizzelf so very cunnen;
 But eet, vor all, what fun we had wi'n!
 Why, if a goose did only wag her tail,
 An' come a-hissen at his lags, she'd zet en
 A-meaken off behine a wall or rail
 A-waken, but as vast as sheame would let en.
 Or if a zow did nod her lop-ear'd head,
 A-trotten an' a-grunten wi' her litter,
 She'd put the little chap in zich a twitter,
 His vaice did quiver in his droat wi' dread.
 An' if a bull did screape the groun' an' bleare,
 His dizzy head did poke up every heair.
 An' eet he thought hizzelf a goodish rider,
 An' we all thought there werden many woo'se;
 'E zot upon the meare so scam 's a spider,
 A-holden on the web o'n, when 'tis loose.
 Oone day, when we wer' all a little idle,
 He zaid he 'd have a ride upon the hoss a bit.
 An' Sorrell when she vound en pull the bridle

In his queer way, begun to prance an' toss a bit.
 An' he did knit his brows, an' scwold the meare,
 An' she agean did trample back an' rear,
 A-woonderen who 'tw'er' she had to zit zoo,
 An' what queer han' did tuggy at her bit zoo.
 But when she got her head a little rightish,
 She carr'd en off, while we did nearly split
 Our zides a-laefen, vor to zee en zit,
 If zit he did, an' that did meake en spitish.
 Zoo on 'e rod so fine, a poken out
 His two splay veet avore en, all astrout,
 A-flappen up his elbows, lik' two wings,
 To match the hosses steps, wi' timely springs.
 But there, poor Sam'el hadden gone
 Droo Hwomegroun' when wold Sorrel shied
 At zome'hat there, an' sprung azide
 An' shot off Sam'el lik' a bag o' bron.
 'E vell, 'tis true, upon a grassy hump,
 But nearly squilch'd his breath out wi' the thump,
 An' squot the sheenen hat 'e wore,
 An' laid wi' all his lim's a-spread,
 An' seemenly so loose an' dead,
 'S a doll a-cast upon a vloor.
 When Cousin Sam come down vrom Lon'on,
 He thought hizzelf so very cunnen.

THE SPARROW CLUB.

Laest night the merry farmer's sons,
 Vrom gertest down to least, min,
 Gi'ed in the work of all their guns,
 An' had their sparrow feast, min.
 An' who vor oone good merry soul
 Should goo to sheare their me'th, min,
 But Gammon Gay, a chap so droll,
 He 'd meake ye laef to death, min.

Vor heads o' sparrows they 've a-shot
 They 'll have a prize in cwein, min,
 That is, if they can meake their scot,
 Or else they 'll pay a fine, min.
 An' all the money they can teake
 'S a-gather'd up there-right, min,
 An' spent in meat an' drink, to meake
 A supper vor the night, min.

Zoo when they took away the cloth,
 In middle of their din, min,
 An' cups o' eale begun to froth,
 Below their merry chin, min,

An' when the zong, by turn or chaice,
 Went roun' vrom tongue to tongue, min,
 Then Gammon pitch'd his merry vaice,
 An' here 's the zong 'e zung, min.

Zong.

If you 'll but let your clackers rest
 Vrom jabberen an' hooten,
 I 'll teake my turn, an' do my best,
 To zing o' sparrow shooten.
 Since every oone mus' pitch his kae
 An' zing a zong, in coo'se, lads,
 Why sparrow heads shall be to-dae
 The heads o' my discoo'se, lads.

We'll zend abroad our viery hail
 Till ev'ry foe 's a-vled, lads,
 An' though the rogues mid all turn tail,
 We'll quickly show their head, lads.
 In corn, or out in open groun',
 In bush, or up in tree, lads,
 If we don't kill em, I'll be boun',
 We'll meake their veathers vlee, lads.

Zoo let the belted spwortsman brag
 When they 've a-won a neame, so's,
 That they do vind, or they do bag,
 Zoo many head o' geame, so's ;

Vor when our cwein is feairly won,
 By heads o' sundry sizes,
 Why, who can slight what we 've a-done?
 We 've all a-won *head* prizes.

Then teake a drap vor harmless fun,
 But not enough to quarrel ;
 Though where a man do like the gun,
 He can't but need the barrel.
 O' goodly feare, avore we 'll start,
 We 'll zit an' teake our vill, min ;
 Our supper-bill can be but short,
 'Tis but a sparrow-bill, min.



GAMMONY GAY.

Oh ! thik Gammony Gay is so droll,
 That if he 's at hwome by the he'th,
 Or wi' vo'k out o' door, he 's the soul
 O' the meeten vor antics an' me'th ;
 He do cast off the thoughts ov ill luck
 As the water 's a-shot vrom a duck ;
 He do zing where his naighbours would cry—
 He do laefe where the rest o's would sigh :
 Noo other's so merry o' feace,
 In the pleave, as Gammony Gay.

And o' worken daes, Oh ! he do wear
 Such a funny roun' hat,—you mid know 't—
 Wi' a brim all a-strout roun' his heair,
 An' his glissenen eyes down below 't ;
 And a cwoat wi' broad skirts that do vlee
 In the wind ov his walk, round his knee ;
 An' a peair o' gert pockets lik' bags,
 That do swing an' do bob at his lags :
 While me'th do walk out droo the pleace,
 In the feace of Gammony Gay.

An' if he do goo awver groun'
 Wi' noo soul vor to greet wi' his words,
 The feace o'n do look up an' down,
 An' round en so quick as a bird's ;
 An' if he do vall in wi' vo'k,
 Why, tidden vor want ov a joke,
 If 'e don't zend em on vrom the pleace
 Wi' a smile or a grin on their feace :
 An' the young wi' the wold have a-heard
 A kind word vrom Gammony Gay.

An' when he do whissel or hum,
 'Ithout thinken o' what he 's a-doen,
 He 'll beat his own lags vor a drum,
 An' bob his gay head to the tuen ;

An' then you mid zee, 'etween whiles,
 His feace all alive wi' his smiles,
 An' his gay-breathen bozom do rise,
 An' his me'th do sheen out ov his eyes :
 An' at laest to have praise or have bleame,
 Is the seame to Gammony Gay.

When 'e drove his wold cart out, and broke
 The nut o' the wheel at a butt,
 There wer' "woo'se things," 'e cried, wi' a joke,
 "To grieve at than cracken a nut."
 An' when 'e tipp'd awver a lwoad
 Ov his reed-sheaves oone dae on the rwoad,
 Then 'e spet in his han's, out o' sleeves,
 An' whissel'd, an' flung up his sheaves,
 As very vew others can wag,
 Earm or lag, but Gammony Gay.

He wer' wi' as oone night when the band
 Wer' a-come vor to gi'e us a hop,
 An' he pull'd Grammer out by the hand
 All down droo the daerfee vrom the top ;
 An' Grammer did hobble an' squall,
 Wi' Gammon a-leadn the ball ;
 While Gammon did sheake up his knee
 An' his voot, zingen "Diddle-ee-dee !"

An' we laeft ourzelves all out o' breath
At the me'th o' Gammony Gay.

When our tun wer' o' vier 'e rod
Out to help us, an' meade us sich fun,
Vor 'e clomb up to dreve in a wad
O' wet thorns, to the he'th, vrom the tun ;
An' there 'e did stamp wi' his voot,
To push down the thorns an' the zoot,
Till at laest down the chimley's black wall
Went the wad, an' poor Gammon an' all :
An' seafe on the he'th, wi' a grin
On his chin, pitch'd Gammony Gay.

The house-dogs do waggle their tails,
If they do but catch zight ov his feace ;
An' the hosses do look awver rails,
An' whicker to zee 'n at the pleace ;
An' he'll always bestow a good word
On a cat or a whisselen bird ;
An' even if culvers do coo,
Or an owl is a-cryen " Hoo, hoo,"
Where he is, there's always a joke
To be spoke, by Gammony Gay.

THE HEARE.

Dree o'm a-ta'ken o't.

- (1) There be the greyhounds! lok! an' there's the
heare!
- (2) What houns', the squier's, Thomas? where, then,
where?
- (1) Why, out in Ash Hill, near the barn, behine
Thik tree. (3) The pollard? (1) Pollard! no,
b'ye bline?
- (2) There, I do zee em awver-right thik cow.
- (3) The red oone? (1) No, a mile beyand her now.
- (3) Oh! there's the heare, a-meaken for the drong.
- (2) My goodness! How the dogs do zweep along,
A-poken out their pweinted noses' tips.
- (3) 'E can't allow hizzuf much time vor slips!
- (1) They'll hab'en, a'ter all, I'll bet a crown.
- (2) Done vor a crown. They woon't! E's gwain to
groun',
- (3) He is! (1) He idden! (3) Ah! 'tis well his
tooes
- Ha' got noo corns, inside o' hobnail shoes.
- (1) He's geame a-runnen too. Why, he do mwore
Than earn his life. (3) His life wer' his avore.

- (1) There, now the dogs wull turn en. (2) No! He's right.
- (1) He idden! (2) Ees he is! (3) He's out o' zight.
- (1) Aye, aye. His mettle wull be well a-tried
Agwain down Verny Hill, o' t'other zide.
They'll have en there. (3) O! no, a vew good hops
Wull teake en on to Knapton Lower Copse.
- (2) An' that's a meesh that he've a-took avore.
- (3) Ees, that's his hwome. (1) He'll never reach his door.
- (2) He wull! (1) He woont. (3) Now, hark, d'ye hear em now?
- (2) O! here's a bwoy a-come athirt the brow
O' Knapton Hill. We'll ax en. (1) Here, my bwoy!
Can'st tell us where's the heare? (4) He's got away.
- (2) Ees, got away, in coo'se, I never zeed
A heare a-scoten on wi' haef his speed.
- (1) Why, there, the dogs be wold, an' haef a-done.
They can't catch anything wi' lags to run.
- (2) Vrom vu'st to laste they had but little chance
O' catchen o'n. (3) They had a perty dance.
- (1) No! catch en, no! I little thought they would;
He know'd his road too well to Knapton Wood.
- (3) No! no! I wish the squier would let me feare
On rabbits till his hounds do catch thik heare.

NANNY GILL.

Ah ! they wer' times, when Nanny Gill
 Went so'jeren ageanst her will,
 Back when the King come down to view
 His hoss an' voot, in red an' blue
 An' they did march in rows,
 An' wheel in lines an' bows,
 Below the King's own nose ;
 An' 'guns did pwoint, an' swords did gleare,
 A-fighten foes that werden there.

Poor Nanny Gill (we know'd her well)
 Did goo to town wi' vish to zell,
 A-pack'd wi' ceare, in even lots,
 A-hossback in a peair o' pots.
 An' zoo when she did ride
 Between her panniers wide,
 Red-cloked in all her pride,
 Why, who but she, an' who but broke
 The road avore her scarlet cloke !

But Nanny's hoss that she did ride,
 Oonce carr'd a sword agean his zide,
 An' had, to prick en into rank,
 A so'jer's spurs agean his flank ;

An' zoo, when he got zight
 O' swords a-gleamen bright,
 An' men agwain to fight,
 He set his eyes athirt the ground,
 An' pricked his ears to catch the sound.

Then Nanny gi'ed his zide a kick,
 An' het en wi' her limber stick;
 But suddenly a horn did sound,
 An' zend the hossmen off vull bound;
 An' her hoss at the zight
 Went a'ter em, vull flight,
 Wi' Nanny in a fright,
 A-pullen, wi' a scream an' grin,
 Her wold brown rains to hold en in.

But no ! he went away vull bound,
 As vast as he could tear the ground,
 An' took, in line, a so'jer's pleace,
 Vor Nanny's cloke an' frighten'd feace;
 While vo'k did laef an' shout
 To zee her cloke stream out,
 As she did wheel about,
 A-cryen, " Oh ! la ! dear ! " in fright,
 The while her hoss did play sham fight.

MY LOVE'S GUARDIAN ANGEL.

As in the cool-air'd road I come by,
—in the night,
Under the moon-clim'd height, o' the sky,
—in the night,
There by the lime's broad lim's I did stay,
While in the air dark sheades wer' at play
Up on the windor-glass that did keep
Lew from the wind, my true-love asleep,
—in the night.

While in the gray-wall'd height o' the tow'r,
—in the night,
Sounded the midnight bell wi' the hour,
—in the night,
There come a bright-beair'd angel that shed
Light vrom her white robe's zilvery thread,
Wi' her fore-finger held up to meake
Silence around lest sleepers mid weake,
—in the night.

“Oh ! then,” I whisper’d, “do I behold
—in the night,
Linda, my true-love, here in the cworld,
—in the night ?”

“No,” she did answer, “you do mistake :
She is asleep, ’tis I be aweake ;
I be her angel brightly a-drest,
Watchen her slumber while she do rest,
—in the night.

“Zee how the clear win’s, brisk in the bough,
—in the night,
While they do pass, don’t smite on her brow,
—in the night;
Zee how the cloud-sheades naiseless do zweep
Awver the house-top where’s she’s asleep.
You, too, goo on, though times mid be near,
When you, wi’ me, mid speak to her ear
—in the night.”



LEEburn MILL.

Ov all the meads wi' shoals an' pools,
Where streams did sheake the limber zedge,
An' milken vo'k did teake their stools,
In evenen zun-light under hedge :
Ov all the wears the brooks did vill,
Or all the hatches where a sheet
O' foam did leap below oone's veet,
The pleast vor me wer' Leeburn Mill.

An' while below the mossy wheel
 All day the foamen stream did roar,
 An' up in mill the floaten meal
 Did pitch upon the sheaken vloor,
 We then could vind but vew han's still,
 Or veet a-resten off the groun',
 An' seldom hear the merry sound
 O' geames a-play'd at Leeburn Mill.

But when they let the stream goo free,
 Bezide the drippen wheel at rest,
 An' leaves upon the poplar-tree
 Wer' dark avore the glowen west;
 An' when the clock, a-ringen sh'ill,
 Did slowly beat zome evenen hour,
 Oh! then 'ithin the leafy bow'r
 Our tongues did run at Leeburn Mill.

An' when November's win' did blow,
 Wi' hufflen storms along the plain,
 An' blacken'd leaves did lie below
 The neaked tree, a-zoak'd wi' rain,
 I werden at a loss to vill
 The darkest hour o' rainy skies,
 If I did vind avore my eyes
 The feaces down at Leeburn Mill.

PRAISE O' DORSET.

We Do'set, though we mid be hwomely,
 Be'nt asheam'd to own our please ;
 An' we've zome women not uncomely,
 Nor asheam'd to show their feace ;
 We've a mead or two wo'th mowen,
 We've an ox or two wo'th showen,
 In the village,
 At the tillage,
 Come along an' you shall vind
 That Do'set men don't sheame their kind.
 Friend an' wife,
 Faethers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
 Happy, happy, be their life !
 Vor Do'set dear,
 Then gi'e oone cheer ;
 D'ye hear ? oone cheer !

 An' if in Do'set you be roamen,
 An' ha' bus'ness at a farm,
 Then woont ye zee your eale a-foamen,
 Or your cider down to warm ?

Woont ye have brown bread a-put ye,
An' some vinny cheese a-cut ye?

Butter?—rolls o't!

Cream?—why bowls o't!

Woont ye have, in short, your vill,
A-gi'ed wi' a right good will?

Friend an' wife,

Faethers, mothers, sisters, brothers,

Happy, happy, be their life!

Vor Do'set dear,

Then gi'e oone cheer;

D'ye hear? oone cheer!

An' woont ye have vor ev'ry shillen,

Shillen's wo'th at any shop,

Though Do'set chaps be up to zellen,

An' can meake a tidy swop?

Use em well, they'll use you better;

In good turns they woont be debtor.

An' so comely,

An' so hwomely,

Be the maidens, if your son

Took oone o'm, then you'd cry "Well done!"

Friend an' wife,

Faethers, mothers, sisters, brothers,

Happy, happy, be their life!

Vor Do'set dear,
 Then gi'e oone cheer ;
 D'ye hear? oone cheer !

If you do zec our good men travel,
 Down a-voot, or on their meares,
 Along the winden leanes o' gravel,
 To the markets or the feairs,—
 Though their hosses cwoats be ragged,
 Though the men be muddy-lagged,
 Be em roughish,
 Be em gruffish,
 They be sound, an' they will stand
 By what is right wi' heart an' hand.
 Friend an' wife,
 Faethers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
 Happy, happy, be their life !
 Vor Do'set dear,
 Then gi'e oone cheer ;
 D'ye hear? oone cheer !

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